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MAY 21, 1968

The End of the Campus?

NATIONAL REVIEW

Black Power and Red Cuba

PAUL D. BETHEL

ECUMENICAL SWINDLE:

The Catholic Plot Against The Catholic Church

JOSEPH P. BOYLE

Also In This Issue: REPORTS ON BARNARD, COLUMBIA
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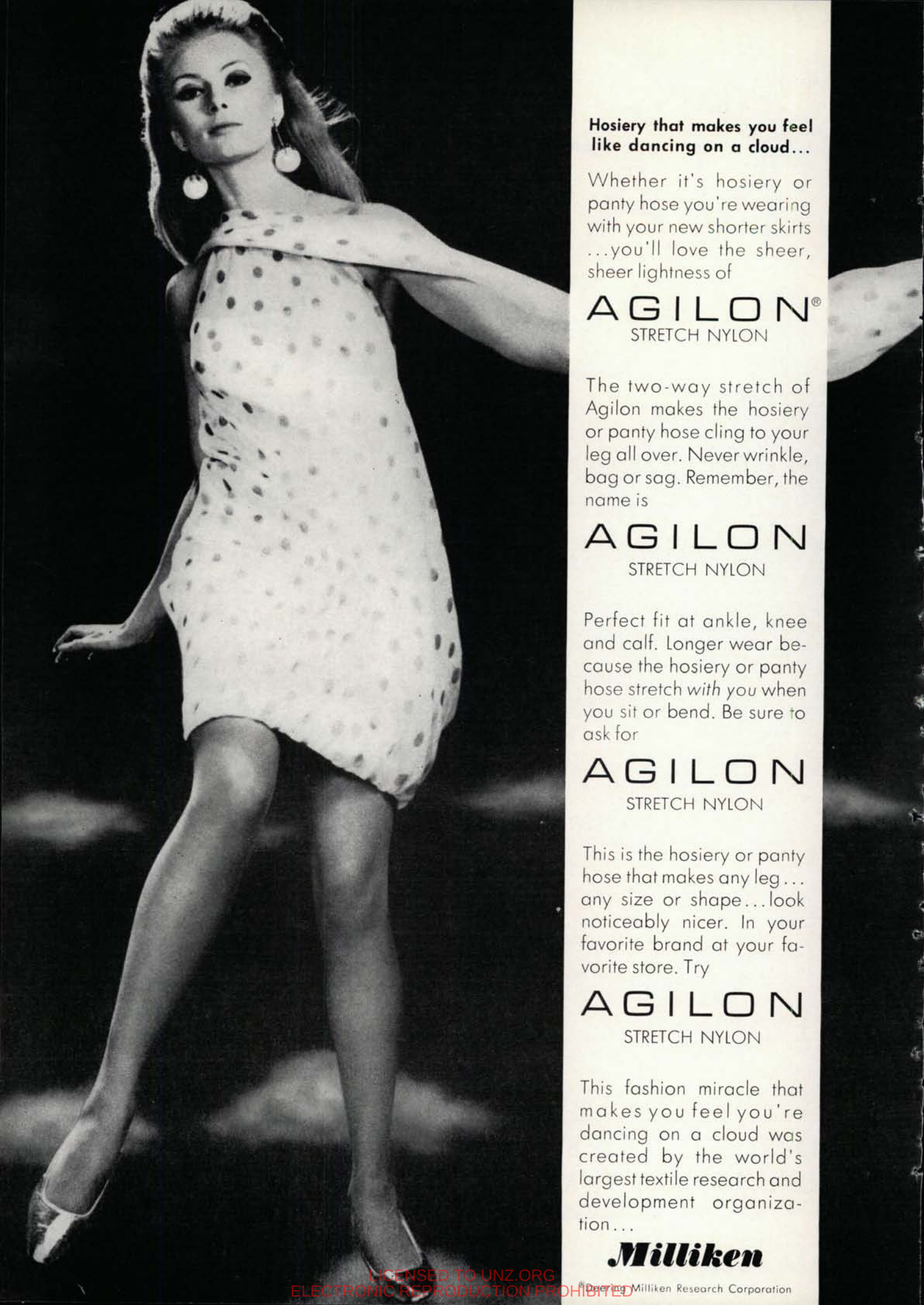

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LBJ's Commission blames whites for race riots. This new book places the blame where it belongs — *on the President's own Poverty Program!*

POVERTY IS WHERE THE MONEY IS

by Shirley Scheibla, Associate Editor and Washington Correspondent of *Barron's*

A SELECTION OF THE CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

From the floor of Congress:

"Mr. Shriver a few weeks ago was asked how many people had been relieved from poverty by the program. His answer was about 50,000. This, gentlemen, is about the number of people employed by the government, directly or indirectly, under this great political fiesta."

— Rep. Glenn Andrews (R., Ala.)

NOBODY REALLY KNOWS how much America spends annually to relieve or eradicate poverty. Estimates run as high as $35 billion on the federal level alone, and many billions more by state and local governments, by private groups and individuals.

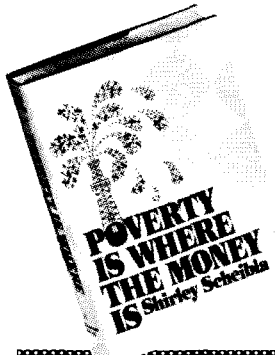
With all this, the federal program is a failure and a scandal. Shirley Scheibla, in this headline-making book (parts of which have, even before publication, been reprinted eight times in the *Congressional Record*) ticks off the reasons why: 1. The poverty program fosters socialism, undermines free enterprise. 2. It is *not* helping the poor. 3. It is choking the American taxpayer with costly boondoggles. 4. It has been infiltrated by Communists and other subversives. 5. It is fostering proletarian violence and revolution. 6. It is a Democrat vote-buying scheme that makes the old Hopkins-Roosevelt WPA look like penny-pinching.

Significantly, the program was sparked by Socialist Michael Harrington's book, *The Other America*. Harrington's "modest" family budget included money for golf, piano lessons, airline tickets, power lawnmowers, phonograph records, air conditioners and other bare necessities. (Do you suddenly feel poor?)

Walter Heller followed up with a memo. Jack Kennedy speed-read it, and we were off on a "war" that already has damaged the dollar and helped send cities up in smoke . . . a real war, but not on poverty. Whatever the political or even altruistic intentions of its founders, Mrs. Scheibla makes clear that the cadres in the povery war are now taking aim at the vital organs of America. Bureaucratic bungling is bad enough, but when bureaucratic bungling plays into the hands of revolutionaries, we are in a national crisis.

A few specifics from Mrs. Scheibla's detailed indictment:

$13 million for New York's Mobilization for Youth. Subversives preach revolt, stage rent strikes, aid school boycotts. Rundown of Reds in MFY: some old names, some new ones. ▪ No Job Corps criminal, *regardless of his offense, can be let go without* Washington's okay. Helpless residents of Edison, New Jersey beg to have Job Corps scourge removed from their town. Washington ignores them. ▪ How Office of Economic Opportunity finances propaganda against free enterprise. ▪ Communist-style cadres move into Community Action Program. CAP sponsors boycotts and demonstrations, one of which winds up attacking a police station. ▪ The "Happy Pappy" program: $250 a month for unemployed dads — *in a state with a labor shortage.* ▪ Upward Bound, the program that encourages dropouts with substandard IQs to think they can go to college. Course content: the daily newspaper, or anything else the "students" want. ▪ An ominous new group, the Poverty Rights Action Center. Its plans for America, and for you. ▪ Poverty workers raise tensions in Rochester, Nashville, Washington, White Plains, Durham, etc. ▪ Never talked about: *the sharp decline in poverty before government made a political football out of it.* ▪ The Republican failure. Where GOP misses the point — and *maybe misses the boat — in its critique of the poverty program.* ▪ *Shriver's disastrous foray* into sex education. ▪ How poverty war fuels race riots. Role of the Communists.



Has the Poverty War Reached the Point of No Return?

Shirley Scheibla gives no final answer, but plainly she is worried. You will be too, after you read this book and see all that she has seen. Mrs. Scheibla has been dodged by Lyndon's minions, screamed at by bureaucrats, even threatened by a poverty drone. But she also reports on a hopeful sign for the Republic.

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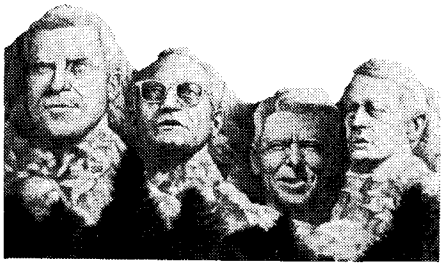

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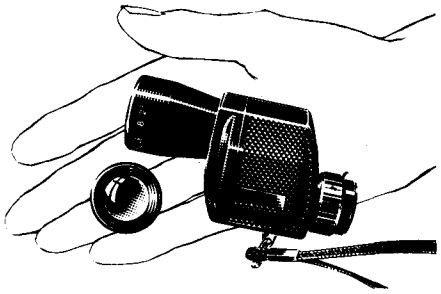

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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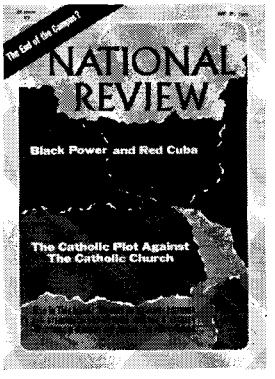
IN THIS ISSUE

■ Dark doings on a number of fronts. The Roman Catholic Church has taken a nosedive, in the opinion of **Joseph P. Boyle**, with its attempts to remake itself in the image of Vatican Council II, an image founded on good intentions but proceeding, Mr. Boyle thinks by design, to a betrayal of basic Church teachings. Although no longer a Catholic (he abandoned organized religion in 1947), Mr. Boyle fears for the continuity of the Catholic religion as do many reasonable men, among them being Pope Paul himself, who as this issue was being assembled, addressed strong words of caution to pilgrims in Rome concerning "the whirlwind of ideas and events" that has arisen from Vatican II. Mr. Boyle is Chairman of the Department of Philosophy at Frostburg State College in Maryland, and specializes in metaphysics and the philosophy of religion. This is his first appearance in NATIONAL REVIEW. . . . **Paul D. Bethel** inquires into the nature of the "great connection" which Stokely Carmichael claims exists between Havana-bred liberation and independence movements and militant black power in the U. S. Mr. Bethel is Executive Secretary of the Citizens Committee for a Free Cuba. His last piece for *NR* ("Can Castro Start a New Vietnam?"—February 7, 1967) was followed by an extensive report on Latin American Communism for *NR's* Soviet anniversary issue. . . . Also making his debut in *NR*, **Mark Edelson**, a free-lance writer living in New York, interprets the gaudy scene at Columbia University. For more on Columbia, Barnard, and intermediate and advanced stercoricolousness, see **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** in On the Right. . . . And see **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** on riotous students in Germany, whose Hell Week preceded Columbia's by barely a fortnight, and the ill-boding consequences thereof. . . . Violence is **Max Geltman**'s theme as he reflects on some popular slogans of recent weeks. Mr. Geltman is completing a book on socialism and antisemitism. . . . **Donald G. M. Coxe**, a Toronto attorney and former associate of this magazine, files his views on Canada's coming election.



■ Kim Philby, the wonder man of British/Soviet secret service, has written, and has been written about: four books in all, reviewed by **Anthony Lejeune**, who is commencing a syndicated column in the U.S.A. . . . **Guy Davenport**, student of classical civilizations, has a fine time with a fantastic tale of archeological digs in Turkey. . . . The Reverend **Richard Ginder** edits the *Priest*. . . . **John D. Kirwan** lives in Newark and has contributed frequently to this journal and the *Reporter* (R.I.P.). . . . **Charles Monaghan** is an associate editor of *Book World* . . . By the way, what's new about us?

AMERICA'S POLITICAL DILEMMA

From Limited to Unlimited Democracy

BY GOTTFRIED DIETZE

Has the American Dream of democracy and equal rights come true? Or has the march of democracy actually made government less reasonable? Gottfried Dietze, a distinguished political scientist, explores these and other provocative questions in an impassioned yet closely-reasoned book that is likely to become the one indispensable statement of the conservative position. He suggests that the road to egalitarian democracy has led to the elimination of constitutional checks upon the majority, to a dangerous weakening of essential rights, and to a foreign policy that permitted the present Soviet threat to America's security. While emphasizing the tragedy of this dilemma, Professor Dietze proposes solutions designed to revitalize the nation's constitutional tradition. $7.95

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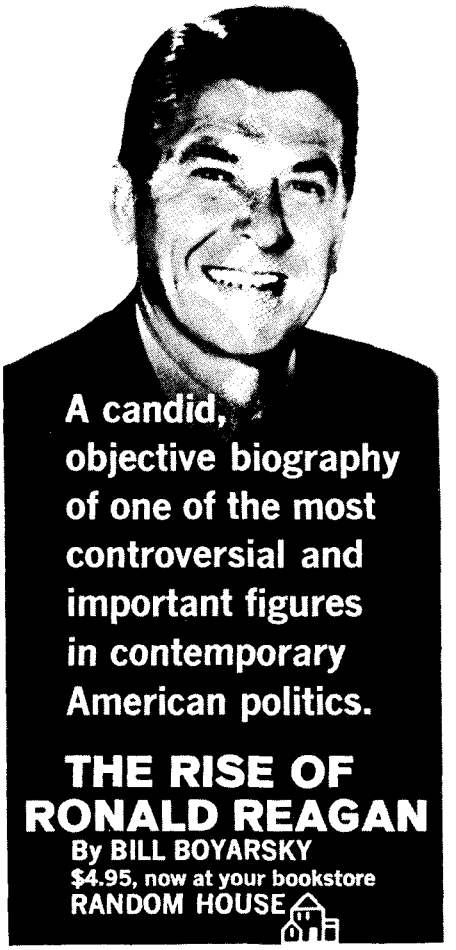
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LETTERS

Dr. King

The April 23 editorial on Martin Luther King rates, in my opinion, a Pulitzer Prize for outstanding journalism. It is the most poignant yet balanced piece of writing about the late Dr. King that I have seen. And it represents the response of civilized men to both the tragedy of King's murder and to the nihilistic destruction which followed.

Searcy, Ark. GEORGE E. COOPER JR.

Thank you for your editorial on Dr. King. It is objective and as such most praiseworthy. Especially as most comments in the news media concerning the assassination are somewhat one-sided.

As tragic as the death of Dr. King was, it is not a blank check for killing, arson, looting, incitement to racial hate and calls for the "hunting season" against whites. This is plain anarchy and criminal lawlessness and must be dealt with as such if this country is to survive.

Dr. King, as a "peaceful and nonviolent" leader, should have obeyed the court order and called off his second march after the death, bloodshed and arson of his first "nonviolent" march. He would still be alive—and so would thirty other Americans. Not to talk of hundreds of millions of dollars' damage that would not have occurred. This is the other side to consider.

Middle Village, N.Y. J. W. MODDELSEE

Wallace in Wisconsin

Concerning your April 23 issue "For the Record" and its comment that George Wallace received less than 1% of the Democratic vote this April in Wisconsin, compared to 34.1% in 1964: Gov. Wallace is now campaigning not as a Democrat, but under the American Independent Party banner. As such, he was neither on the ballot, nor did he campaign. The percentage of votes he obtains in November's general election, after heavy campaigning, will be a much truer gauge of his strength in Wisconsin.

Macon, Ga. DANIEL E. ROBISON

Dialectics

I read your magazine with some regularity, and I find I often enjoy Mr. Buckley's rhetoric and Mr. Kirk's zeal. However, I am disturbed by the slanted, lowbrow approach much of the rest of it is taking. In the April 23 issue a policeman is quoted on page 378 as saying, "What are you doing?" Two Negro youths are quoted as replying, "We jus' funnin'." Why, sirs, was it deemed necessary to quote in dialect? You do not quote most others in the exact manner they speak, complete with inflections. Why then the condescension toward the Negro? A bit of editorial bigotry perhaps? Or maybe it's a device to appeal to the bigotry of your subscribers.

Gentlemen, your prejudice is showing.

Bennington, Vt. LLOYD ANDERSON

Well, shut our mouth. Mouths. —ED.

Berlin's Wall

In concluding her sketch on the Wall ("The Surprise of Berlin," NATIONAL REVIEW, April 23), Nika Hazelton must have intended to leave 'em laughing when she wrote: "The hope for a better future there began, strangely, when the Wall went up. Besides, Ulbricht is not going to live forever."

Whether heavy jest or political naiveté, Mrs. Hazelton makes the customary mistake of confusing Communist oligarchies with memorable dictatorships. The Party knows that the public needs a Big Brother, merely a face and voice with whom a comforting identity is maintained. So the perpetuation of these regimes rests in the power to nominate their successors.

If East German hopes began when they walled themselves in, the future should seem bright indeed under the hierarchy of a construction crew which promises to outlast the bricks in the Wall.

Fort Pierce, Fla. ROBERT C. HARDWICK

Arms and Men

I have little patience with President de Gaulle and even less with those of his supporters who are professionally anti-American. I read, therefore, with great relish William Schlamm's review of André Fontaine's *History of the Cold War* [April 23].

Mr. Schlamm's catalogue of M. Fontaine's abiding prejudices and illusions is, I trust, accurate (I have not read the book). I must, however, take issue with Mr. Schlamm on one item: that no "male voice in Western history" has praised war as the noblest of arts. I refer Mr. Schlamm to that literary form of the late Middle Ages and Renaissance of which Castiglione's *The Courtier,* Elyot's *The Governor,* and Machiavelli's *The Prince* are the most exemplary. To these writers there was a nobility in the "profession of arms." In defense of their sanity, however, we can recall Socrates on the tool and its use. And in the Discourse on Arms and Letters in *Don Quixote* Cervantes has the madly-wise Don rehearse the arguments defending the military arts: the antique paladin makes the point that the soldier uses his art to prevent the forces of barbarism and piracy from being too often successful; paradoxically, the art of war prevents war.

Finally, it is perhaps ironic—considering Fontaine's point—that in the First Book of Castiglione's *The Courtier* the Italian disputants, while divided on the relative nobility of arms and letters, are agreed that those people most in need of education on the matter are the French, who recognize (according to these sixteenth-century Italians) only the nobility of arms. They trust that the heir to the French throne (he who would become Francis I), who has a sense of balance about the question, will, with the help of God and if his countrymen will but listen to reason, bring France to a true estimation of letters. With the same qualifications we can only hope that some of their descendants will be brought to a true estimation of history.

New York, N.Y. THOMAS B. SWANZEY

Postscript on Tullock

May I add a fact to Russell Kirk's review of the Tullock affair, which appeared in your issue of April 23: Virginia has not lost Gordon Tullock. He will return to the Commonwealth at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute next fall.

WILSON SCHMIDT, Head
Department of Economics
Virginia Polytechnic Institute

Blacksburg, Va.

Bye Bye Blues

It saddens me to read such self-pitying items as Richard Kostelanetz's "Graduate School Blues" [March 12] and John Wallace's laudatory lament on same in the Letters section of your April 23 issue.

For me the past five years of graduate school have been the most rewarding of my existence. Perhaps I have been unusually fortunate in being a student of some of the most generous and dedicated people I have ever known (New York University Slavic Department), but the discipline required for my studies, yes, even "the mechanical drudgery of research" has stimulated and given a creative direction to my thinking and reasoning—not only in my field of formal study, but in everything I do as an individual and as a member of society. There have been moments of pain and despair, many, indeed. But as I head into the final stages of my dissertation, I can only feel grateful for the experience, for I have begun to know myself, and through this advance, to become more perceptive of the world and people around me. Most of the graduate students I know (at NYU and elsewhere) share my positive feelings. Granted, some graduate schools may be less pleasant than

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others, but they are not all as grim as Messrs. Kostelanetz and Wallace would have the world believe.

New York, N.Y. ALAYNE P. REILLY

The Arnheiter Case

Re: 1) "The Arnheiter Case," NATIONAL REVIEW March 26. 2) Letters, "Arnheiter Pro and Con," NATIONAL REVIEW, April 9.

No *cause célèbre* as controversial as the Navy's "Arnheiter Case," is without staunch and vociferous adherents and detractors as revealed by the letters you have published. However, when one speaks of Pro and Con, it is important that these terms be kept in proper perspective with regard to the basic issue involved. It is not a matter of Pro and Con *anyone*! The basic issue is integrity on both sides: the Navy's and LCDR Arnheiter's.

Mr. Buchman's amusing appraisal of the affair hints at the real crux and problem of the case, i.e. "Mr. Kilpatrick has not told the whole story. . . . He [Arnheiter] lost his command and his career and someday we'll find out why. . . ." This observation raises a penetrating question, i.e. the truth! If there are "secret" reasons as to why LCDR Arnheiter was relieved of command, why not publish them and put the case to rest once and for all? LCDR Arnheiter indicates he would welcome an inquiry. Surely the revelation of the skeletons in the Arnheiter Case closet would do no more harm to the Navy's image than has already been done by extensive and adverse publicity.

That a significant number of retired high-ranking flag officers (and some courageous active duty officers) have come to the support of LCDR Arnheiter cannot be overlooked. These famous and illustrious naval officers are not in their dotage nor are they a group of Don Quixotes. They see something basically wrong with the entire handling of the case. No, I agree, it doesn't add up!

Further, I am appalled that a retired Navy yeoman's public disclosure of what he claims to be the true contents of one of LCDR Arnheiter's official Navy Fitness Reports was printed. His objectivity and integrity are at question because, were he to have been so privy to this information, he would know full well that the contents of an officer's Fitness Report are, by custom, order and regulation, considered to be "Private Official—For Official Use Only." The fact that LCDR Arnheiter was selected for command attests to the Navy's prior confidence in him based upon his established performance, experience and his record in toto.

Monterey, Cal. H. E. COLLINS
Commander USN

Willmoore Kendall

Your recent tribute to Prof. Willmoore Kendall was in order and certainly merited. It was my great privilege to take two courses from Prof. Kendall, and he was

(continues on p. 513)

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■ Troops. Listen a minute. They took away Frank Lausche (see below), and put in a pinko. The power of the labor unions. It's a hell of a shame, but it *is* true that Lausche is a Democrat, and conservative Democrats live on borrowed time. But we have a great opportunity to redress the balance—in California, at the Republican primary on June 4. It's Max Rafferty *v.* Tom Kuchel, reading from right to left. The briefest thing you can say about Kuchel is that he has in recent years gone by, although he is a Republican, refused to support: Nixon in 1962, Murphy in 1964, Goldwater in 1964, Reagan in 1966. Now he grovels for Republican support. Rafferty endorsed them all. He's a solid, well-informed conservative. Let's give him a hand. Remember Lausche!

■ A Rockefeller-appointed committee of national business leaders, inquiring into problems of poverty and welfare, has endorsed the idea of a negative income tax long sponsored by Professor Milton Friedman. Either the committee itself or the journalist who reported its finding proved once again how readily the "negative income tax" is confused with the "guaranteed annual income." Many economists noted the spread of conviction that a basic shift must be made away from the current relief system, jerry-built over fifty years into a fiscal nightmare that is not only wasteful and inefficient in maximum degree but by its nature tends to freeze clients onto relief rolls instead of encouraging them to get off.

The WEEK

■ The death of Martin Luther King must be avenged with the blood of a white "conservative," according to talk in black extremist circles. So far it's just that—talk—according to columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, but federal officials are concerned enough to have warned George Wallace, Ronald Reagan and Richard Nixon. Who heard the talk? Undercover FBI men, who have infiltrated the black extremists—just as they did the Communists. Anybody willing to dismiss black racists as no threat at all, just a bunch of FBI agents?

■ Kraft & Co., pollsters, took a look at the AFL-CIO membership recently and reported back to headquarters that 25 per cent of the union's members are below 25 years of age and 50 per cent below forty. What's more, 50 per cent of all union members, and 75 per cent of those under forty, are living in the suburbs. The AFL-CIO executive council, perusing these figures, understands why its language no longer gets to the members. It said in its 1967 report to the Federation, "these young people have no memory of Roosevelt, the Depression and World War II. They have no memory of hard times, or the union battles fought and won, from which they are reaping the benefits. Many have no emotional commitment to their union at the outset, and, more often than not, their only important, visible contact with their union is a weekly deduction from their pay check."

■ In New York City, this spring, between 13,000 and 14,000 jobs are going begging for want of applicants. Although some of the jobs pay $25,000 a year, most of them are unskilled positions such as dishwasher or household worker. At the same time there are 135,000 New Yorkers who are classified as unemployed and are drawing unemployment benefits. Mr. Herbert Bienstock theorizes that jobs that pay near the minimum wage are not attractive, because New York's cost of living is exceptionally high. Mr. Bienstock is regional director of the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics—an unskilled position.

■ The USSR: Could this be the start of the Big Freeze? Writers under fire. Foreign journalists harassed. Diplomats being tailed. Controls tightened over graduate and foreign exchange students. Solzhenitsyn feels he must "deplore" (for the record?) the publication of one of his books in the West. Meanwhile those cultural exchange pacts with the U.S. get harder to negotiate. Maybe the Russians feel some East-West bridges should be burned?

■ Colonel James W. Graham ("The Score for the Tet Match," March 12) has reported in again from Nha Trang, South Vietnam. He suggests that one indication of the temperature of American resolution in the Paris talks will be the press handling of the terminologically elusive National Liberation Front. If Walter Cronkite stumbles onto an "intelligence" report that shows the NLF is a predominantly non-Communist coalition of dissidents, this will mean that Ambassador Harriman will accept Communists in a new Saigon government and that the Johnson Administration is trying to soften the blow. Actually, reports Colonel Graham, the NLF is simply the Communist Party of South Vietnam, which is controlled by Hanoi. Ho Chi Minh changed the name, as everybody ought to know, "to give respectability and an illusion of independence and patriotism." But, adds Colonel Graham, "there were no other changes. Geographical organization, command and control lines, and terrorism and brutality are unaltered."

■ General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, Saigon police chief, was an international villain in February, when newspapers everywhere gave over their front pages to a picture of his street execution of a Vietcong soldier during the Tet offensive. How the good hearts wept for the immorality of America's allies! However, the media have maintained an heroic stoicism at the recent information that Communist forces executed more than 1,000 persons during their occupation of Hué. The Associated Press quotes from a U.S. Embassy report: "A number of bodies showed signs of mutilation. Most were found with hands bound behind their backs. Evidence also was discovered of victims having been clubbed unconscious prior to being buried alive." (One estimate had it that half the 1,000 were buried alive.) "Many were found bound together in groups of ten to fifteen, eyes open, with dirt or cloth in their mouths. . . . Victims included Father Urbain, 52, and Father Guy, 48, French priests from the nearby Benedictine mission at Thien An. Father Urbain was bound hand and foot and buried alive with ten others. Father Guy was forced to kneel and shot through the head."

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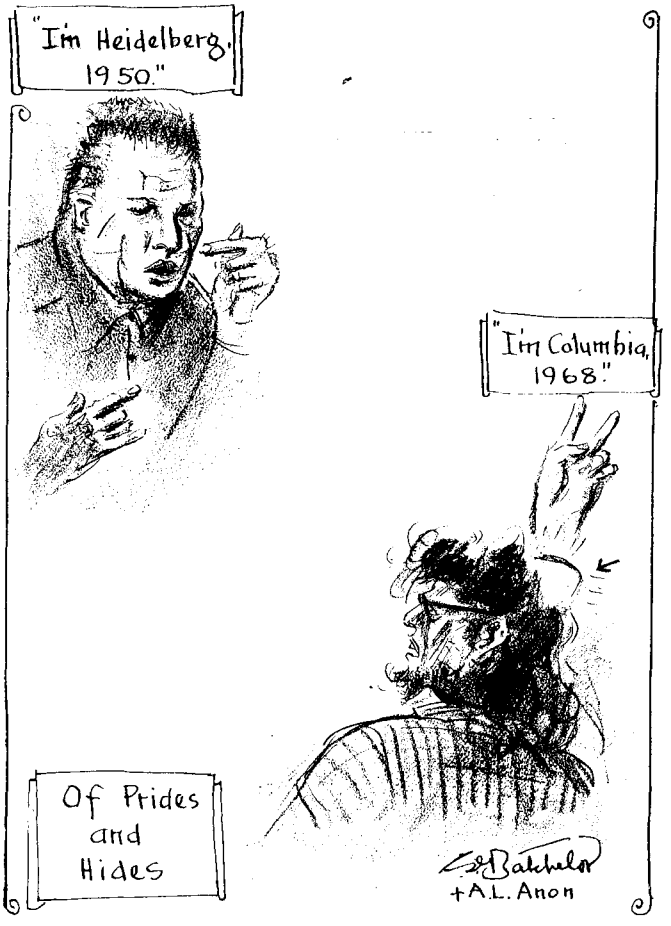
■ The Lindsay-backed policy of allowing businesses to be devastated while the police look on raises interesting legal and philosophical questions regarding the rights of owners to make claims on the city for damage which could have been prevented by a different policy. Already claims totaling hundreds of thousands of dollars have been filed with the City Controller against the City of New York by damaged property owners. The legal answer may vary depending on individual state law, since the doctrine of sovereign immunity allows the state to define the grounds on which it may be sued. But philosophically, the state has certainly made the conscious choice of protecting some of its citizens at the expense of others —and therefore the case is plausible for making restitution to those injured at the expense of those who did not suffer. Granted that property damage from theft or even rioting is ordinarily a risk of doing business which the owner assumes, that risk is limited by the expectation that the state will do its best to protect the owner from damage. However imperfectly, but its best, nevertheless. But when it does less than its best, which it is within the state's power to decide to do, it seems no longer reasonable to contend that the resulting injury is a risk the owner should bear. At that point the state should reimburse those injured as if one were injured by the negligent or willful inaction of a private agent. Whatever the outcome, few parties will be more interested in the result than the insurance companies, who have strained in the wake of recent riot damage. Not only would municipal reimbursement reduce the burden on insurance companies to pay damage claims, but the "added" cost may turn out not to be added at all, if the hands-off policy can be shown actually to reduce the total damage.

■ LeRoi Jones, a militant even among black militants, was one of the Negro leaders who did their best after the King assassination to cool the streets. He has evidently been re-thinking his views on riots, arson and Kill Whitey as tactics for attaining power. In a revealing interview in the *Washington Post* shortly after King's death, he said the goal of his newly founded United Black Brothers was to "bring about self-government in Newark by 1970"—by legal means. "My position is very clear. I'm in favor of black people taking power by the quickest, easiest, most successful means they can employ. Newark is a particular situation where the ballot seems to be most advantageous. I believe we have to survive. I didn't invent slavery; I didn't invent the white man. What we're trying to do is deal with him the best way we can. . . . Black men are not murderers. . . . What we don't want to be are die-ers."

■ The mechanism of the self-perpetuating slum is not complex. A slum is an area of unusually rife crime against property (robbery, vandalism, arson). Businessmen operating in a slum protect themselves by charging unusually high prices—in order to "get their money back" before the store burns down. If they insure their inventory, then they pay unusually high insurance premiums. The slum dweller, presumably among the lowest income earners, winds up paying the highest prices (i.e. the "standard" retail price plus a premium for the expense of non-standard robbery, vandalism, arson). Insurers, including the Federal Housing Administration, have until recently refused to deal extensively in slum areas. However, now that the FHA has agreed to reinsure mortgages on slum properties that meet reasonable standards, there may be a chance to interrupt some portion of that self-perpetuating mess. Certain costs in slum areas should be reduced, if the savings are passed on. It will be interesting to see if robbery, vandalism, and arson are correspondingly reduced. If not, the new proposals will boil down to simply one more form of subsidy.

■ Since his death in 1824, Lord Byron has been excluded, tooth and claw, from the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, on grounds of scandal. Recently a campaign was mounted in his behalf, and to no one's very great astonishment it has succeeded. A plaque dedicated to his memory will be installed in the Poets' Corner. The argument is that times have changed, and no one today would be scandalized by conduct that made Byron the outrage of Europe a century and a half ago. Poetic justice indeed.

■ From an editorial, the *Moderator*, April: "There are even places—would you believe Rumania (and most of the Red European bloc)?—where 'kids' get the vote at eighteen." There are even places—would you believe the editorial offices of the *Moderator*?—where people don't know that Rumanians might just as well have the vote at age one hour, for all the good it does them.



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Marching to Washington

Publicity for the Poor People's Campaign makes a great pitch for the poor of all races, and there are a few Puerto Ricans, Indians and white miners from Appalachia among the crowd that is now trekking toward Washington. But this admixture achieves a token integration at best: the crowd is black, and it's so beautiful to be black. That's what the posters say. And what the crowd seems to be saying is that the blacks are the poor, poor because black; it's time the Federal Government laid aside its white racism and its white man's wars and lifted up its one-tenth of a nation, or—and this is where this march differs from the March on Washington of 1963—that one-tenth will make war on the rest. The "camp-in," starting with some 1,000 souls and drawing possibly as many as 10,000 before the summer is over, will not merely bear witness to poverty, it will not merely petition the government. It will threaten the government with "all means necessary" to secure—to secure what?

Well, one of the more tangible commitments to which the organizers of the march hope to bind Congress is a minimum annual income of $3,500 for every American whether he earns it or not. The rest is not too clear—slum clearance, improved education, better jobs—the whole antipoverty dream program, in fact, toward which the most significant part of American domestic policy of the past five years has been directed. The Coxey's Army now mounting Capitol Hill is there to say that this legislation was not enough. The magic wand has been waved and waved again, and lo! they are poor still. We are to understand that the capacity for nonviolence wears thin under such conditions. "Something is going to change or we'll all be in jail," says Andy Young of SCLC. "We'll do whatever is necessary to open the economic doors of this nation for the poor."

Students of New York's ill-fated antipoverty package, Haryou-ACT, could instruct the poor in the futility of applying to one part of the government for money which will be stolen from them by another part, but this is unlikely to impress those marchers whose cynicism has bred contempt for the democratic process itself, and who would wish to constitute a kind of autonomous shadow government with, however, full command of the real government's (largely imaginary) resources. It perhaps does not occur to the Rev. Ralph David Abernathy, who has inherited Martin Luther King's organization if not precisely King's position, that, despite all the bluster to which he treated such minions of the Administration as Willard Wirtz, Ramsey Clark, Robert C. Weaver and Wilbur Cohen, his Washington ploy demonstrates the Negroes' subjection to white colonialism rather than their independence from it. It probably does occur to him that bluster is a) good emotional release for a grieving people and b) the rhetorical means of secession from the U.S. Government, and from law and order, and from that nonviolence which now only Good Niggers believe in and believe Dr. King believed in, too. The march is anti-government in principle, which is to say both that it is exacting from Congress an inhuman tolerance and that it has no use for what Congress is prepared to extend, only for how it will react—whether guiltily or defiantly makes no difference.

Those who follow Abernathy are, like the students who broke Columbia, engaged in a form of mass solipsism. Nothing disturbs their oblivious self-dramatizing. The student class has shown the greatest sympathy for Abernathy's march and is joining it in numbers (many with academic credit). There are probably more white college kids than white miners in Abernathy's train—kids whose philosophy of government is the politically illiterate bathos of the New Left. Still, it is one of the few areas left where they may still stand with their colored brethren, black power having taken a hard line with honkies of all ages. Abernathy's march, insofar as it is thus integrated, is perhaps the symbolic commingling of the two revolutionary forces of our era. Marching Negroes and marching students stand united—not for the poor, not for America—but for the sake of an unappeasable hostility for things as they are.

The Primaries

Indiana's, like most of the previous primaries of 1968, was negative. Yes, Kennedy won, but it was no landslide, and he didn't exactly nail down the Kennedy-Winner image. After all he only got four out of every ten Democratic votes cast. And no, McCarthy wasn't wiped out. In fact he did better than he publicly hoped he would do—he took 27 per cent of the vote instead of the 25 he publicly hoped for, more than the 18 to 20 per cent the newscasters and pollsters had allotted him. Governor Branigin ran slightly better than McCarthy, quite a bit behind Kennedy. But who's Branigin? Since he wasn't running officially as a stand-in for Vice President Humphrey his so-so showing neither hurt nor helped Humphrey. Like Wisconsin, the meaning of Indiana was: wait and see. McCarthy hasn't been conclusively knocked out, Kennedy isn't a sure thing, Humphrey, if only because of the organizational force of the old-line Democrats, can't be counted out.

Richard Nixon put it as neatly as anyone: McCarthy has the fervor, Kennedy the money, Humphrey the organization.

But what about Washington, D.C. then, where Robert Kennedy beat Humphrey in a two-man contest taking the whole delegation and about 65 per cent of the vote? Humphrey's answer—although never would he put it in these terms—is easy. Negroes make up 63 per cent of the population of Washington, D.C. and Negroes vote across-the-board—as they showed in Indiana—for Ken-

Yoo-Hoo, Grayson Kirk

When it's gotcha/You get hotcha/That's college rhythm.
—from a 1930s musical

Take me back to boola-boola;
  Row me to the Raritan.
Strum a uke for dear old Duke;
  Raccoon it, on rattan.
Tired watching campus cuties
  Brawling for their next degree.
Sock 'em up and lock 'em up,
  Then throw away the key.

W. H. VON DREELE

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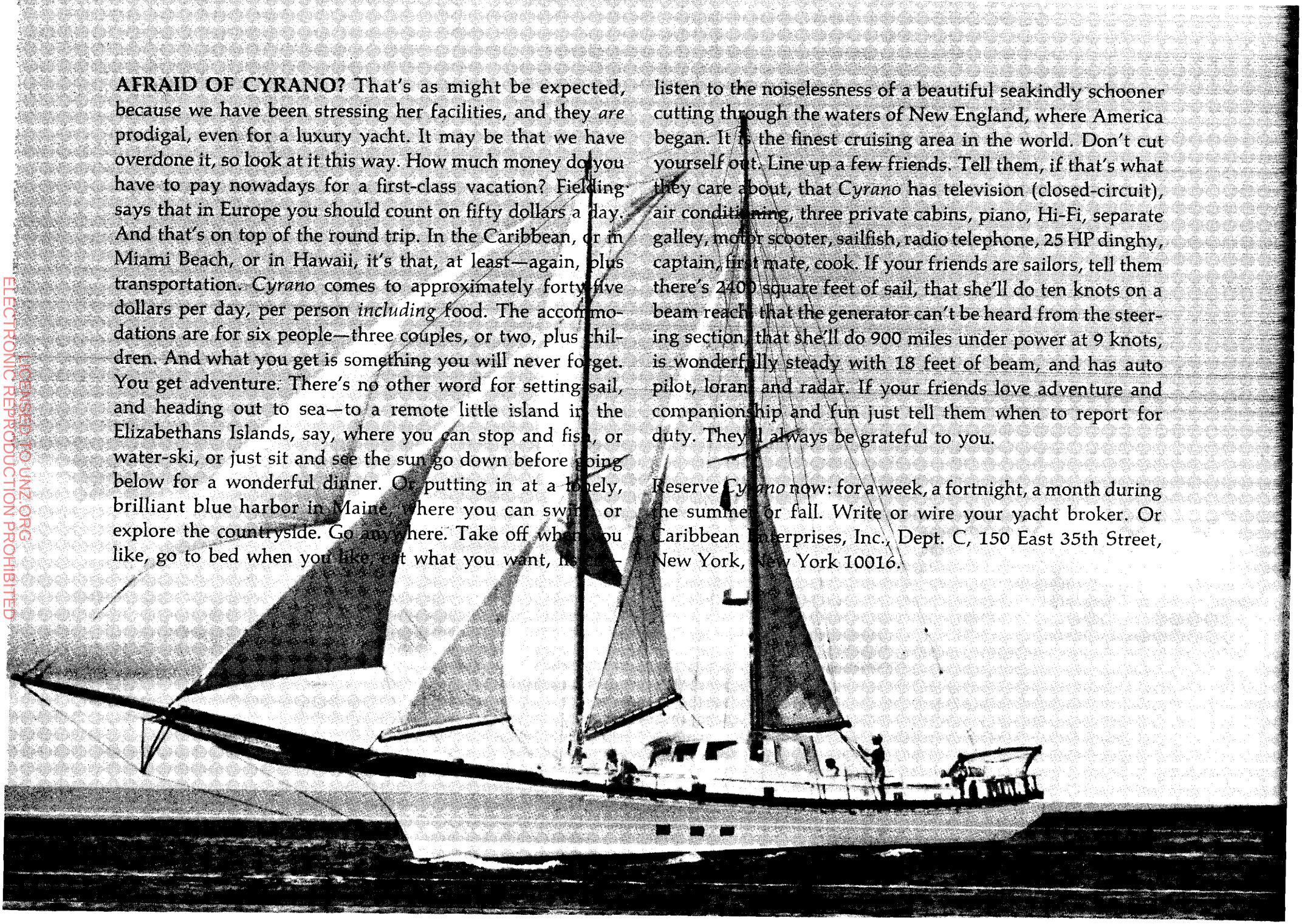

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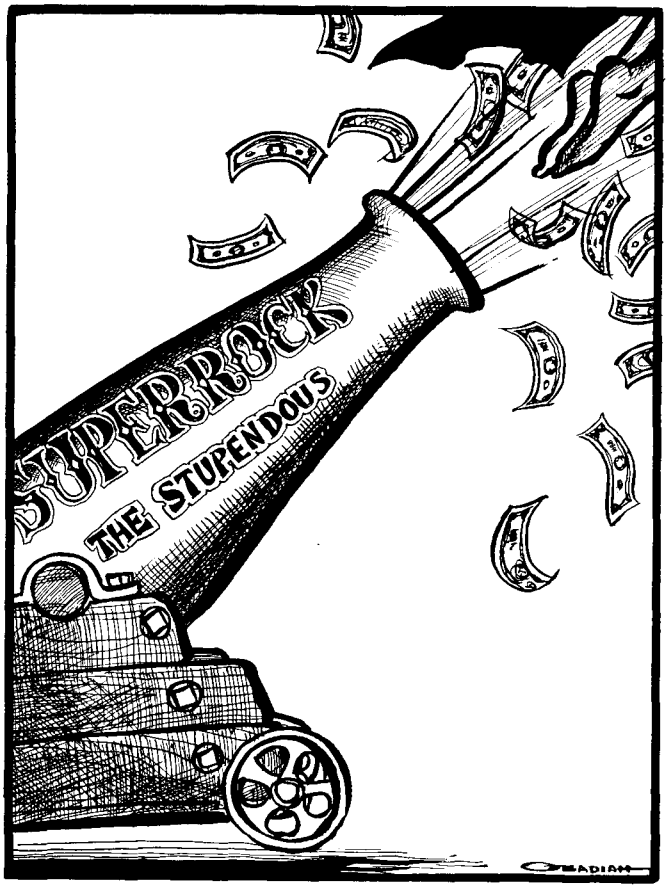
nedy even though Kennedy was still shooting marbles when Humphrey was fighting the civil liberties fight: which is politics.

So it's on to Nebraska, where it will be a direct McCarthy-Kennedy confrontation with no third party on the Democratic ballot to muddy the waters, and then Oregon, and California. The one thing that Indiana has decided is that McCarthy will stay in the race through the next three important primaries, at the very least.

On both a larger and a smaller scale, the Ohio Democratic primary that did in Senator Frank Lausche was perhaps more important than the Indiana primary. Lausche, a Democrat who votes conservative, was singled out by Al Barkan of the AFL-CIO's euphemistically named Committee on Political Education (COPE) for defeat. The unions slapped a five cents per month assessment on members for political education which guaranteed much of the quarter million budget put at the disposal of John J. Gilligan, Senator Lausche's opponent. Gilligan, who votes left-liberal, had one term in Congress, lost out in a tight election to Rep. Robert Taft in 1966, is a union boy. Organized labor, moving in to take over the senescent Democratic machine in Ohio, managed to deny Lausche the endorsement of the Ohio Democratic Committee last winter in an almost unprecedented move. Then Barkan and the COPE experts moved in with their computers and made every which sort of a breakdown of Ohio's 800,000 union members, and the operation paid off. Gilligan the unknown beat Lausche the unbeatable by over 100,000 votes. True, Lausche was 72 and confident. True, he didn't campaign hard.



Launched at Last

True, he spent only $50,000 to Gilligan's $250,000. But Gilligan came from behind and won because of the efficiency of COPE. It is something other Democratic machines will be taking note of, as will, of course, Robert Francis Kennedy.

Whew!

The man with the wettest toe in town finally took the plunge. Too late, say some of Nelson Rockefeller's disenchanted supporters. A month earlier than he'd planned to, according to Evans and Novak—but some of the boys were getting restless. At just the right time, most observers agree: deadlines having passed, he can't be forced into entering any primaries where he might be put to shame. Certainly his shilly-shallyings embarrassed his backers, delighted his enemies, and made voters with long memories think of William Scranton's hot-and-cold performance in 1964. In the months to come Rocky can count on being reminded of those eight (count them) statements (all different) about his intentions that he made between February 15 and April 30 (including the immortal one, right after Romney flamed out: "I have no plans to change my plans").

Though publicly delighted with the governor's announcement, some of his backers have private doubts about the timing. If he had waited any longer they might have defected—not to Nixon, of course, but to Hubert Humphrey (as did Sidney Weinberg, a pillar of the Eastern Liberal GOP since the first Eisenhower campaign of 1952, just recently). The Rockefeller team is already weak—heavy with millionaires like Jock Whitney and liberals like Edward Brooke, Jacob Javits and Clifford Case; but lean on hard-nosed political pros. George Hinman, the able Republican National Committeeman from New York, has been doing Rockefeller's behind-the-scenes political work almost single-handed.

But into the breach Rockefeller goes, in quest of—delegates. The day after his announcement, he won the Massachusetts Republican primary on a tiny write-in vote, edging out Governor John Volpe and dousing Volpe's Vice Presidential ambitions. The next week, Louis Harris surfaced with the discovery that Rockefeller is the best man to run against Kennedy. Although the Massachusetts vote was as much anti-Volpe as pro-Rocky. and although Harris also found Humphrey (right now, the Man Most Likely) beating Rockefeller, the campaigners are working hard to coax flames from the embers. Rockefeller backers have always been able to make much of little.

Candidates, of course, always speak out on the issues. Unless they can avoid it. So far Rockefeller has called for a "reassessment" in Vietnam, and declared that there can be no "purely military solution" there (who ever said there could?), urged a bigger role in the war for the South Vietnamese (already being done) and advocated inclusion of the Vietcong in the government provided they are willing to work "through the political process" (ha!). Balancing warnings against peace-at-any-price and "new American isolationism" left his position smack on dead center, where it will remain until the winds have sorted themselves out. (It is interesting that Rockefeller's chief ad-

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viser on foreign policy matters, Henry Kissinger, is a hard-liner, while his Number One speechwriter, *Newsweek*'s Emmet John Hughes, is an utter dove.) Rockefeller has also come out for a draft lottery, a nicely centrist idea, and for votes for eighteen-year-olds: "As a public official I have no fear of exposing my ideas to the judgment of voters under twenty-one." (Nothing said about those over twenty-one.) Once again Rockefeller is Mr. Alternative, and once again he hasn't decided what alternatives to offer, and won't for the longest possible time.

And the delegates? According to one roster just received at campaign headquarters, Rockefeller can count on 427 votes—and Nixon, right now, has 677, it is said, ten more than he needs to win on the first ballot. Other estimates are less dismal, but even the most optimistic can't push Rockefeller much over four hundred and thirty. Bill Miller, Barry Goldwater's running-mate and now on the Rockefeller team, stoutly insists that his man can make it because after the first ballot, several "favorite son" states—he names Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania and Illinois—will throw the bulk of their votes his way. But Rockefeller cannot get anywhere without help from the West—and that is where he is least popular. The fact lends credence to talk that Rockfeller hopes to engineer a deal with Ronald Reagan.

But nobody should write Rockefeller off now, three months before the convention. Though fifty-nine and grown a bit jowly, he is still a magnetic man. His old allies, the big city dailies, especially in the East, are still behind him. He has All That Money (indeed, one of his workers admits that a big problem is "convincing people that Nelson Rockefeller needs contributions"; but he does—it wouldn't look good if all the funds came from one source). Look for more talk of Alternatives, and another propaganda campaign to milk every poll, every casual remark and every turn of events at home and abroad, to prove that Nelson Rockefeller is the only Republican who can go the distance in November.

Democracy on Recall?

On May 3, Czechoslovak students rounded up thousands of citizens in Prague, borrowed a loudspeaker truck from the municipal radio service, and staged an astonishing rally in the Old Town Square. "We hear we should be grateful to the Communist Party," intoned one student-speaker with heavy irony. "Yes, we are grateful for the present shortages in housing and transport, grateful for bad worker morale, grateful for legal insecurity, for a currency without value, for a low economic standard." A second speaker climbed on the truck and read "Why I Am Not a Communist," a caustic essay written in 1924 by Karel Capek and just recently freed from a government ban. The crowd cheered both speakers wildly, and they had more cheers for other speakers, who demanded legal guarantees of freedom of the press and opposition parties, diplomatic recognition of Israel, and the removal of those government officials with roots in the Stalinist past. On May 4, shortly after midnight, Alexander Dubcek and three other national leaders slipped off a plane in Moscow, their arrival unannounced to the press. They spent one long day in the Kremlin in what must have been an extraordinarily strained meeting, for though Dubcek wanted to discuss grain shipments and a hard currency loan, Brezhnev and Kosygin wanted to know what in Lenin's name was happening to party leadership in Czechoslovakia. The visitors spent 33 hours in Moscow, and they got a curt send-off from *Tass* which, without officially announcing their departure—a marked discourtesy—mentioned that meetings had been held and that "opinions were exchanged on the situation in both countries and the activities of the Soviet Communist Party and the Czechoslovak Party." Dubcek was not much more open with his own reporters back in Prague. He reaffirmed "solidarity" with the Soviet Union, but successfully dodged questions on the substance of the talks; and the Czechoslovak press, which still depends on Dubcek's favor, did not push him for answers.

Nothing that will determine the future of Czechoslovakia has yet happened, but things will start happening soon. "What is important is to get a law today to remove censorship and guarantee freedom of the press," said Vaclav Havel, a Czechoslovak writer visiting in New York. "This is a necessary condition to any liberalization that will follow," said Havel, because "at the moment censorship exists on paper" even though it is not being practiced. "We have press freedom only on the promise of the party," a Prague radio editor told a *New York Times* reporter. "And that is democracy on recall." So the next step is clearly Dubcek's. If he sold his soul in Moscow, and now moves no further toward reform, there will be loud grumbles at home, and possibly violence. But the Soviet leaders have made it clear that they cannot allow the new freedom in Czechoslovakia to be enacted into law. Moscow is being pressed by a fearful government in Poland, which has officially denounced Czechoslovak "liberalization," and by East Germany, which, incredibly, is now jamming German-language radio broadcasts from Czechoslovakia. The key to future developments may be the continuing investigation into the death of Jan Masaryk, which has been anxiously featured in the press. Two days after the Dubcek visit, *Tass* denounced suggestions that Soviet agents had murdered Masaryk and warned that "by spreading these slanderous reports the enemies of socialist Czechoslovakia clearly hope to stir up anti-Soviet moods among politically unstable people." If Dubcek does not clamp down on his inquisitive press, the threat is clear. The political chief of the Soviet Army, General Aleksei A. Yepishev, said three weeks ago that his tanks might be used if "faithful Communists" in Czechoslovakia appeal to the Soviet Union to "help safeguard socialism" in their country.

Taxes, Expenditures etc.

President Johnson sounded unconscionably harsh the other day when he harangued the newsmen about the refusal of Congress to stand up like a man, bite the bullet, answer the roll call, stop trying to blackmail the White House, do what ought to be done for the country, and so on. The President was speaking about taxes, the idea of raising them, and the associated idea of thinking about

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beginning to hint about the possibility of starting to move towards the point where Congress might be nudged into admitting the eventual necessity of approaching, with an open mind, the suggestion that has been made in some quarters that the last tenth of one per cent of the federal budget might, just might, be cut, without shattering the pillars that hold up the world.

Well! At the same time the President said it is "the President's view that the hundred and eighty-six billion expenditure is a very lean budget."

Which is to say, the President wouldn't cut his own budget, but a man of courage, a bullet-biter, would.

Once again Mr. Johnson has buried an important public question in a welter of incoherent verbiage. The truth, as it strikes us humble taxpayers, is as follows: a federal budget of $186 billion is so damned big and so far out of control that a cut of 10 per cent, a mere $18 billion, could be made across the board without starving a single bureaucrat.

Within a few days of the President's intemperate and obfuscatory outburst, the House Ways and Means Committee reported out a bill that would raise federal income taxes by $10 billion and reduce the current expenditure rate by $4 billion. The Congress should reject that bill and any bill that seems to single out the taxpayer as the culprit whose parsimoniousness has led the dollar to the brink of collapse. The great villain is the almost demented extravagance of the Federal Government itself. The net administrative budget has grown from $76 billion in 1960 to $125 billion in 1967 to about $140 billion in the current year. If the Congress can't find more than $4 billion of fat in that swelling pile of pork, the news will have been broadcast to the whole world that the Federal Government in actual fact has no intention of adopting sound fiscal policies. In that case the forecast is unequivocal: the dollar must collapse.

Monetary matters have come to such a pass that the United States must balance its budget now, not next year or the year after. The Ways and Means Committee proposes to reduce appropriations or carryover authority for succeeding years; this is irrelevant. What is needed is discipline now, not the promise of discipline tomorrow.

Lurleen Wallace, RIP

Lurleen Burns Wallace who died in her sleep at 12:34 A.M. on May 7, in Montgomery, Alabama is known merely as George's wife. She was born, the daughter of a shipyard worker, in Tuscaloosa, where she attended public schools. She wanted to become a nurse. Instead, upon finishing high school at the age of fifteen, she went to work as a clerk in the Kress five-and-dime store. She married soon after. When she was eighteen, her first child was born. Following the birth of her fourth child, Janie Lee, she was hospitalized for several weeks. Early in 1966, when Janie Lee was four, surgeons removed a malignant tumor of the uterus. Nevertheless, on February 24, Mrs. Wallace suddenly entered politics, and in the state Democratic gubernatorial primary in May of that year she polled more votes than all of her nine opponents combined. To questions about ill health, she frequently answered, "I've been dying of cancer for five years if you believe all the rumors." In November she defeated Republican James Martin and the following January became the only woman governor in the nation.

After another operation on July 10, 1967, she made infrequent public appearances. As governor she maintained her early concern for the sick, especially the mentally sick, and often visited state mental institutions. On her initiative the legislature put through a $15-million bond issue to improve these facilities. Though a shy woman, she enjoyed great personal popularity. During her term the first floor of the Executive Mansion was kept open to the public seven days a week. She was a staunch Methodist, a teetotaler, and a moderate-to-heavy smoker. She liked, almost better than anything, to fish for bass.

In 1968 Mrs. Wallace underwent surgery on February 22 and again on March 12. Last week, at the age of forty-one, her agony was ended. She leaves her four children, the State of Alabama, and her irrepressible husband George.

Donald Davidson, RIP

At the age of seventy-four, Donald Davidson died on April 24. From first to last, he was a Tennessean, though for many years he spent his summers at the Bread Loaf School of English, in Vermont. For thirty years he was the pride of the Department of English at Vanderbilt University. Poet, critic, social essayist, collector of songs and folk tales, Southern Agrarian and Fugitive, he was revered (I use that word carefully) by a great many able younger men of letters in the South, and by not a few in the North. Dr. M. E. Bradford, at the University of Dallas, is writing his life.

Courage, resolution, and cheerfulness were Davidson's always, though he saw the symptoms of decadence all about him, and detested "The Long Street," or the modern cosmopolis. To suggest his high influence and example, I cannot do better than to quote his poem "Crabbed Youth and Merry Age," which you may find in his *Poems, 1922-61* (University of Minnesota Press):

These are the young men whispering through the darkness,
Tongue of disaster muted with sleep and scorn.
Before the time of resting they are tired;
Before the time of losing they are forlorn.
And these are the old men, risen at morning light,
Unlatching country gates before the sun,
To catch a horse and call with Stentor's voice
The lazy boy whose ploughing's not begun.

I knew Professor Davidson only when he was an old man; but he helped to save me from becoming such a young man as he describes, and whose name is legion today. I first encountered his *Attack on Leviathan*—perhaps our most eloquent defense of territorial democracy—in 1940, two years after it was published; not long later, I came upon his best volume of poetry, *The Tall Men*. Both remain in print (the latter incorporated in his *Poems*), and neither has lost by the passage of time. I trust that many young men who are not yet crabbed will read, too, his essays in *Still Rebels, Still Yankees*, and the poems collected in *The Long Street*. Nor should one forget his model of regional history, *The Tennessee* (Rivers of America series, two volumes—the Old River and the New). →

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Of all the Agrarians, Donald Davidson was the most consistent, never deviating from his original principles, and never departing from the South he loved. Last winter he lectured with his old passion and clarity in a symposium of the Agrarians at the University of Dallas. Erect and rather soldierly to the last, he was a gentleman after the style of Robert E. Lee, and a scholar in humane letters whose textbooks and anthologies are models of their kind.

Dignity was his, and Christian faith. I never knew a scholar more beloved by his disciples. The Tennessee is tamed today, and madmen set fires up and down the Long Street. Let Donald Davidson rest: foreseeing much, he did his duty manfully in this crazy time.—R. KIRK

Notes & Asides

We are late onto this, but the story is greatly worth telling, even though it is almost two months old. There they were, at the New School for Social Research, primed to witness a gangbang on orthodox religion inflicted by the speakers, most prominently William Sloane Coffin, Harvey Cox, and John Leo. But then along came Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg, who presumably had been invited on account of his reliable reputation as a Left liberal. Rabbi Hertzberg stole the show.

For instance, he said, he is in favor of pulling out of Vietnam instantly. However, he added, he is "not at all convinced that the will of God gives me very clear light on Vietnam." That piece of intelligence dismayed the congregation at the New School, who had never had any trouble at all in interpreting their afflatus on Vietnam. But Rabbi Hertzberg showed that there was worse to come. In the account in the *New York Times* (written by the tormented Mr. Leo, who was wearing two hats at the seminar): "the 'nervous scurrying for relevance' by politically active clergymen may represent 'the sickness, not the health, of American religion . . . Religion as an ongoing force cannot be saved by "making it relevant" . . . A large part of what passes for liberal religion in America is a rewriting of the *Nation* and the *New Republic*. That's not the job of religion. What people come to religion for is an ultimate metaphysical hunger, and when this hunger is not satisfied, religion declines.' " And then, commenting on the pathetic efforts of the Christian churches to make themselves appealing by bringing ping-pong to the ghettoes, Rabbi Hertzberg commented, "Having been there for a hundred years and played the game, I can tell you that it doesn't work. The very moment that clerics become more worldly, the world goes to hell all the faster." "He suggested," in the pained words of Mr. Leo, "that the chief energies of clergymen should be devoted to discussing the existence of God and man's obedience to God rather than to political issues . . . Institutional religion today is in the hands of right-wing fund-raisers, while left wingers who are protesting turn their religion into a form of social revolution. What is left out is religion's main business: love and God and the transcendent." Altogether, a godly evening's work.

■ We published a few weeks ago (March 12) a bureaucrat's letter, offering prizes for the best effort to render it into English. The contest apparently aroused the red ink of every English-lover in America, because we were inundated by entries in the contest, the first prize of which was ten free subscriptions. In the opinion of the judges, the contest is a tie among several entries: "Project Degree is a scholarship plan for poor kids, causing them not to flunk out by offering them opportunities to develop initiative and ingenuity through the remodeling of an old army barracks into study and playrooms of whatever varieties they choose—all this to lift them above their drab home life." Give that man (John Davenport Crehore of Phoenix) two free subscriptions. And excerpts from other winners: "Will you please send us some wall posters or charts? The walls of the old army barracks we have segregated them into look like hell" (and two to W. S. Olson of Bremerton, Wash.). And from an alliterationist: "Posters for our poor people pronto please" (W. G. Eaton of Lancaster, England). And from someone who gets right to the point: "Send centerfold from *Playboy*" (Will White, South Gate, Georgia). And then: "We gonna give unqualified students college degrees. We also gonna give 'em their own pad. Send money and expendable odds and ends soon" (John Brueck, Neptune, New Jersey). And a special prize for the breeziest entry, "Boarding school for poor city kids needs your old pin-ups" (Timothy Wheeler, New Rochelle, N.Y.). Congratulations to all. Copies are being sent to the Projects Director, Southern Illinois University.

■ And finally, thought you'd like to see a gently mutinous memorandum by one of the editors addressed to his colleagues, and written after receiving one memorandum too many from the publisher, carefully explaining what is going to happen in Miami . . .

> From: William F. Rickenbacker
> Re: William A. Rusher's memos dated 7/15/62, 9/9/64, 13/29/66, 4/30/68, 5/3/68, 5/31/68.
>
> I owe it to you to make my position irrefragably clear. If Rockefeller fails on the first ballot, Romney tosses his kerchief to Nixon, Reagan squares with Percy, and O'Doherty and Rusher remain above the conflict, then McKinley is a shoo-in. If, however, Stassen and Dewey announce for Nixon *before* the third ballot, Clif White swears off martinis, Mahoney and Alessandroni arrive at an understanding with Nixon, and Rockefeller undercuts Reagan's early strength by divorcing Happy and remarrying the former Miss Clark, then it seems entirely possible that Claude Kirk of Florida and Charles Percy of Illinois will be the immediate (though by no means final) beneficiaries. There remains the possibility of a premature combination between Rockefeller, Reagan, Nixon, Stassen, Romney, Scranton, Lindsay, Javits and Spinoza, to thwart the rapidly expanding Presidential ambitions of Buz Lukens. In this event, I would look for a brokered convention.
>
> —W.F.B.

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JAMES BURNHAM

JUST SHUT YOUR EYES

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

The doves have no monopoly on dislike of the Vietnam war. Nobody likes it. We all feel it weighing us down, like a dead rooster around the neck. If only we could cut loose! Then—why, then the boys could come home and the dollar would get healthy and we could clear up these riots and inflation would stop and people abroad wouldn't hate us any more and there'd be plenty of money to spend on the cities and the campuses would quiet down and we could reduce taxes for a change instead of jacking them up another notch and maybe even Reverend Coffin and Dr. Spock would shut up about politics and go back to God and babies. The vision is almost irresistible: cf. the behavior of Wall Street after the President announced he was going to stop the war and get off. This is the way human beings very often feel about the ill they have, especially if it has been dragging on for a long time.

It is possible and indeed probable that the current negotiations, begun in Vientiane and scheduled to enter Phase II in Paris, will lead to an American pullout. It is altogether impossible that the dream of a relaxed, rosy post-Vietnam epoch will come true.

Dominoes Already Fallen

The fracas in South Vietnam is the result not of the personal idiosyncracies of Ho Chi Minh and Lyndon Johnson but of intersecting vectors of interest and power. South Vietnam will not relax like a flower-child just because a document is signed in 1968 in Paris, Geneva or Timbuktu, any more than it did after that high-sounding document was signed in Geneva in 1954. Whether we continue to take a hand or not, the question will have to be settled of who shall be master in that house.

The domino theory is no longer a speculation. *Already* a third of Laos is in Communist hands. Thailand is *already* under active attack. We have at least 40,000 soldiers in Thailand, huge installations and vast concentrations of equipment, along with thousands of civilians and myriad business interests. So what do we do about Thailand when we get that terrible Vietnam load off our neck? And how do things look, tranquility-wise, up north there at the Korean cease-fire line? Will Pyongyang send back the *Pueblo* and her crew when we and Ho sign on the dotted line?

And, come to think of it, China. China will still be there. Freed from a potential threat in Southeast Asia, Peking will feel less inhibited about probing on its Himalayan and northeastern frontiers. Will Peking be more respectful to us because we lost a war on its borders instead of winning it?

Then the announced British withdrawal from all parts east of Suez. Who's going to be filling that vacuum? What does the State Department say when Singapore's Peking-directed Communists take over? How will Australia, New Zealand and the Philippines enjoy go-it-alone defense for the South Seas? What of the prospects for African tranquility? Can we guarantee that Castro and his associates will be so pleased at our leaving Vietnam that they will make no further trouble in Latin America? Most particularly, how shall we rate the odds for serenity in the Middle East?

The dream that all will be fine and dandy once we get out of Vietnam lasts only so long as we keep our eyes shut.

Not only is it certain that a Vietnamese pullout on any basis will fail to put us in the clear—an outcome excluded by the nature of the age we live in. It is certain, additionally, that a pullout without an honorable settlement will have the worst possible consequences. A minimum honorable settlement is one that assures South Vietnam against Communist takeover; anything short of that is defeat, and dishonorable.

High Price of Dishonor

An honorable settlement would have a fair chance of inhibiting the spread of revolutionary wars of liberation, would strengthen our alliances, hearten our friends and give occasion for at least caution to our enemies. The meaning of defeat would be unmistakable to every foreign office: America lacks either the power or the will to make good her commitments. The rapid crumbling of Western positions throughout East Asia and the South Seas would be virtually certain, accompanied by the weakening of our global ties and influence. Anti-Americanism abroad, far from being appeased by our withdrawal from the dirty war, would feed gleefully on the proof of American impotence. There is only one convincing answer to anti-Americanism: the responsible and successful use of power.

Nor would the domestic consequences be any happier. Our situation now has no real resemblance to France's in 1954 and 1958. France could quit in Indochina and North Africa without adverse results precisely because she was functioning, and continues to function for all de Gaulle's bluster, under the protective shield of American global power. But if American power decays, what remains? Internationally as externally, the anti-Americans are vindicated and thereby strengthened; the rioters, lawbreakers, vandals, revolutionaries and nihilists are emboldened to redouble their onslaught against the Power Structure which has displayed its vulnerability. This time of the Vietnam war may come to look like the Good Old Days.

A final fact to complete the theorem: The present military situation in Vietnam makes it impossible that an honorable settlement should issue from the present negotiations.

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ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

FREE GERMANY AT BAY

LETTER FROM THE CONTINENT

The highly significant elections in Baden-Wurttemberg, Germany's southwestern state, had precisely the result foreseen and feared by most observers. The Christian Democratic Union of Chancellor Kiesinger (a Wurttemberger) suffered a very minor setback, the Free Democratic Party (which has strong roots in that area) gained slightly, while the Social Democrats lost heavily and the allegedly Nazi National Democratic Party got an impressive one-tenth of the seats. Dr. Gerstenmeier, President of the Bonn Diet and a member of the CDU, declared immediately that the outcome was a heavy blow to Germany's good name abroad. He foresaw, correctly, that it would inevitably give nourishment to the view that "Nazism is returning to Germany."

Now, the charge of neo-Nazism leveled against the NDP, while not unjust, is an oversimplification. That the Party harbors a good share of old Nazis, reconstructed and unreconstructed, every child knows. But it draws strength from other elements as well: anti-clerical nationalists (who congenitally hate the CDU), refugees from the East who oppose the Bonn government's "elastic policy" toward the satellite states, supporters of strong, if not authoritarian government, and many others. Racism plays practically no part in the NDP, but there is a willingness to fight a certain national masochism—Germany's reaction to her very genuine guilt.

But why did so many Social Democrats and centrists switch to the National Democrats, with their well-publicized tinges of Nazism? The most important reason is undoubtedly the recent antics of the university-based German New Left (like America's, called the SDS)—a movement that has rapidly degenerated into anarchism and nihilism, and that seems addicted to rioting and spreading genuine terror. This originally socialist movement has, for a long time, been treated gingerly by the Social Democratic Party whose offspring it is. (Both sons of Foreign Minister and Vice Chancellor Willy Brandt are ringleaders of the New Left.) The continuing watering-down of Marxist doctrine by the SDP dismayed and disgusted youthful hotheads; the participation by the Social Democrats in a coalition government dominated by the "reactionary" Christian Democrats made matters even worse.

THE STUDENT leftists, at first interested primarily in university reforms, took to judging and condemning everything under the sun: bourgeois sex mores, the Vietnam war, American race relations, monarchical government in Iran, military rule in Greece and all the rest. It is not Russian Bolshevism that fascinates them, but Chinese Communism, Latin American guerrilla leaders, and African terrorists. More and more given to sit-ins, violent demonstrations and full-scale riots resulting in tragic casualties and real destruction, they have become a public menace. The Shah of Iran was declared a villain, and during protest demonstrations a student was killed. Axel Springer, the German newspaper czar, was the next target; his publications were destroyed and his printing plants devastated. The government, instead of curbing these neo-savages, tried to start a "dialogue" with them. As was to be expected, the discussions proved completely sterile. The students, in a mixture of naiveté, invincible ignorance and stern absolutism of thought, were happy to play the role of one-hundred-percenters. They demanded that their brand of "democracy" be imposed on Germany: that the universities be reformed to bring about student rule, that the streets be declared open to demonstrators, that the "extra-parliamentary opposition" (i.e. the SDS) be given official status.

The attempt to assassinate the student leader Rudi Dutschke and the subsequent riots on Good Friday and Easter Monday brought an end to the government's policy of kowtowing to the youngsters. And in those riots, something else became apparent: the workers, thoroughly bourgeoisified homeowners in today's Germany, counterattacked; the trade unions showed themselves thoroughly anti-student; irate housewives belabored students with their umbrellas, shouting: "Dirty swine! Most of you study at our expense—go back to your schools!"

Everybody asked the important question: Who organizes these students, who seem so well equipped with walkie-talkies, loudspeakers, searchlights and hand weapons? Could there be wire-pullers across the demarcation line, on the other side of the Berlin Wall? The government had failed to maintain law and order, Germans lamented; authority must be restored. And restoration of authority was one of the main points made in the speeches of the NDP stump orators.

BUT IT IS important to realize that the increase in NDP votes and NDP seats in the Wurttemberg Diet is a Red victory, that tightens a vicious circle around the Bonn government. Not only does Germany's extreme Left now have a cause, but the Soviets can frighten their restive satellites with talk of an "increasingly Nazified Western Germany" whose revanchist government cracks down on peacefully parading "progressive" students while opening its doors to neofascists.

Should the NDP be outlawed? That alternative has been seriously proposed, but how democratic is a democracy which restricts political competition to an exclusive club of ideological insiders? This is the old dilemma of democracy, and the Germans now face it as squarely and as painfully as they did forty years ago. □

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ECUMENICAL SWINDLE

A former Catholic, now an agnostic, disapproves the machinations that led to and have followed Vatican II. Mr. Boyle opposes organized religion and believes the Church's own liberals may have brought her down

THE CATHOLIC PLOT AGAINST THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

JOSEPH P. BOYLE

In 1914, Andre Gide's novel, *Les Caves du Vatican*, appeared and created a sensation. This humorous fantasy concerns the capture of the Pope by the Freemasons and their substitution of one of their members on the Papal throne. The idea of abducting the Pope was hardly new, as the students of French history well know. But the thought of an *alien force* subverting the entire organization of the Roman Catholic Church through the Pope excited the imaginations of non-Catholics and anti-Catholics alike. It should therefore not be surprising in this age of fantasy-become-truth to find that we are now witnessing the results of the capture of a real Pope—"Good Pope John." The agents of the plot, however, were not aliens, but trusted palace guard with truly alien thought. This small band of revolutionaries carried out their mission with a precision and astuteness that makes James Bond thrillers seem Victorian in their simplicity.

Who are the revolutionaries? Küng, Davis, Rahner, Congar, Schillebeeckx, Daniélou, de Lubac, and Baum. These names are now quite familiar to the educated public; however, before Vatican II, these Roman Catholic theologians were considered extremists and their ideas were viewed, in some cases, as un-Catholic, to say the least. But most of these thinkers were either Vatican II "periti" (theological experts at Vatican II) or behind-the-scenes advisers to so-called "liberal" Catholic bishops, mostly from Northern Europe. They all share a common distaste for the Church of Rome, as an *institution*, and they have written books and articles since the Council that have shocked Catholics and non-Catholics alike by their free-wheeling repudiation of many historical Catholic beliefs and their apparent disrespect for the Pope and, in effect, all those who disagree with them. They are the *doctrinaire* liberals of the Church and the real movers of the Vatican II.

Mr. Charles Davis, the former Council peritus and Britain's outstanding Catholic theologian before he left the Church, makes these remarkable revelations about his former colleagues:

> Without hesitation I admit as an evident fact that there are forces within the Roman Catholic Church contrary to its present structure, which are tending to the dissolution or overthrow of existing institutions. [And, again,] The present institutional structure of the Roman Church implies a particular concept of truth. If the new understanding of Christian truth succeeds in becoming dominant, it will, in my opinion, dissolve that structure. On this point I think the fears of the conservatives are well founded. (*A Question of Conscience*, Harper and Row, 1967)

Passage after passage from post-Conciliar volumes and speeches of Rahner, Küng, Schillebeeckx, and other periti clearly demonstrate their completely un-Catholic views and their disagreement with the *actual* results of Vatican II, not to mention other official Catholic belief. In the January 23 issue of *Look*, for example, Fr. Schillebeeckx says (with respect to the Papacy):

> In the feudal situation, it was a natural form for authority to take. In our totally different culture, it only leads to short circuits and misunderstandings. *That is why I attack it.* (Emphasis added)

(In the same issue of *Look*, other Dutch Catholic theologians show clearly their completely un-Catholic views.) But compare this thought with that of Pope John XXIII in his encyclical *Aeterna dei Sapientia:*

> It is indispensable, however, to the unity of the Faith, that there be a union among the teachers of the divine truths, that is in the harmony of the bishops among themselves in *communion and submission to the Roman Pontiff* [my emphasis]—We decided to convene the Second Vatican Ecumenical Council. We did so, confident that the impressive gathering of the Catholic hierarchy would not only strengthen the bonds of unity and faith, worship, and government, which are the prerogatives of the *true church* [my underlines], but would also attract the attention of numberless believers in Christ and would invite them to gather about the great pastor of the sheep who entrusted their perennial custody to Peter and his successors.

Also, one has only to read Pope John XXIII's *Journal of a Soul* to note how totally committed he was to Papal supremacy, Catholic tradition, and the *institutional* Church. In fact, under Pope John, no major issue was passed at the Council. He also upset many of those who now like to pretend he was a revolutionary by banning liberal experiments like the French worker-priest movement. Although he was *personally* democratic, he upheld the complete monarchical structure of Roman Catholicism.

What, then, happened at the Vatican that gave the periti such power? It all dates back to the reign of autocratic Pope Pius XII, who was perhaps the most powerful Pope in modern times. In his last years, Pope Pius became

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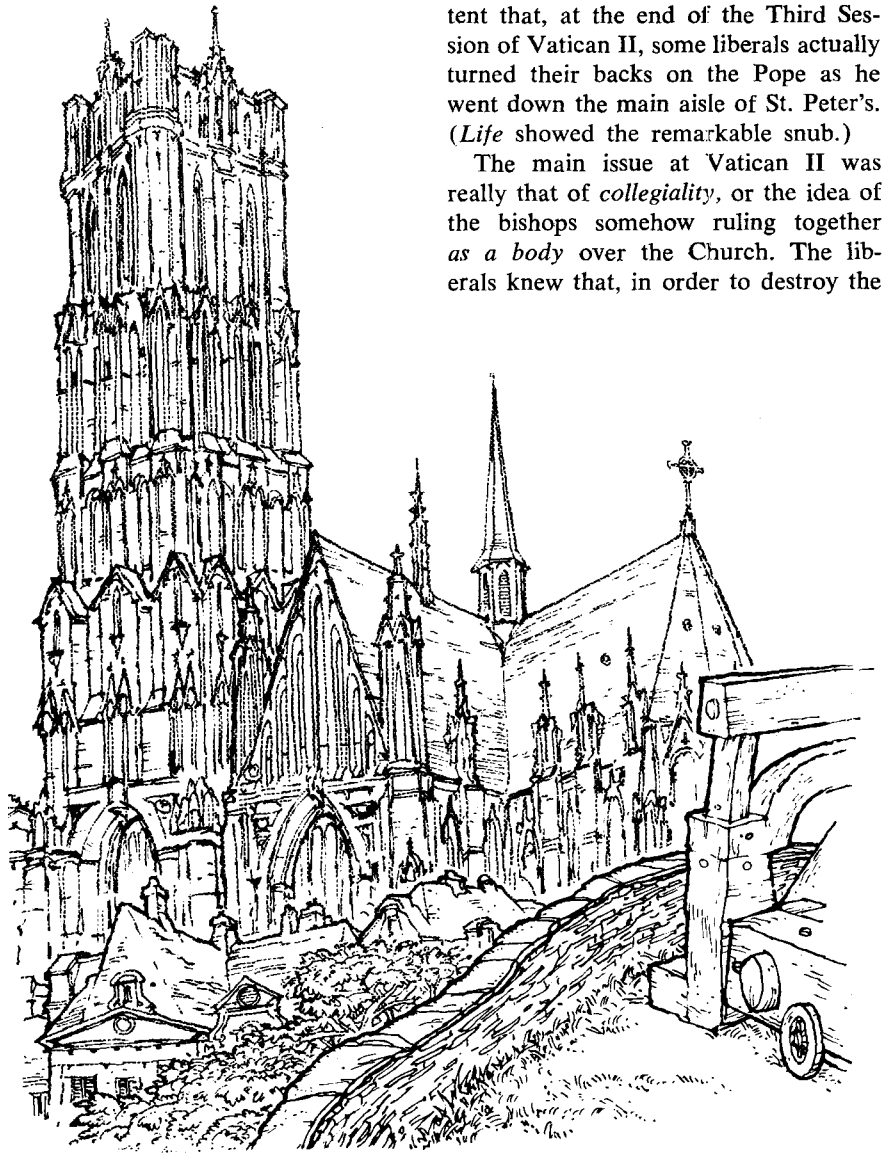
wary of liberal social and political experiments urged upon him by Monsignor Montini and others. He banned the worker-priest movement in France when an alarming number of priests became Communists. When the French cardinals actually flew to Rome to beg him to reconsider, he abruptly sent them packing. The French Catholic Popular Republican Party was failing at the polls and making Pius wonder whether Catholic support of moderately liberal parties was wise. The Curia gradually convinced him that such experiments were dangerous. Hence, Monsignor Montini was banished to Milan and Pope Pius became his own foreign minister, trusting no one. The national interests of Northern European hierarchies were ignored, as the Pope became the absolute ruler of Roman Catholicism.

When Pius XII died, the Northern Europeans, led by the French, formed an alliance to prevent the election of another autocratic Italian. Since the so-called conservative majority lacked enough votes to put their candidate on the Papal throne, a compromise was reached. An "Interim Pope"—elderly, agreeable, etc.—was chosen: Cardinal Roncalli, Pope John XXIII. What the conservatives failed to realize was that John, although he was generally considered harmless, was personally unhappy with the closed circle of power in the Vatican, the Curia, and he was most friendly with Archbishop Montini, Cardinal Bea, and several French liberal bishops. Hence, once elected, Pope John began his efforts to right the supposed wrongs of the Reign of Pius. His first act was to make Archbishop Montini a cardinal. Under the influence of his "Grey Eminence," Cardinal Bea, and Northern European dissident cardinals, he called the Council 1) to internationalize the government of the Church and 2) to modernize Catholic liturgical and social practices. Every statement made by the Pope (as indicated above) shows he never intended *doctrinal* changes.

By the time of Pope John's death, the well-prepared French, Dutch, Austrian, Belgian and German bishops, aided by the pens of their avant-garde periti, had converted the majority of bishops to their *surface* plan to dislodge the Italianate Curia from power. The bishops and their periti made effective use of all the tools of modern press agentry and propaganda to win over the general public. They made it appear that the issue was really one of Conservatives *v.* Liberals; Italians *v.* Non-Italians; Good Guys *v.* Bad Guys, etc. Liberal propaganda agents like "Xavier Rynne" (pseudonym for a Father Ryan or, perhaps, Mary McCarthy?) wrote inside reports from the Council supposedly relating the true political struggle going on, but really giving a biased, Americanized political account. His *Letters from Vatican City*, although marvelously written, are masterful, slick propaganda pieces, at best. *Time, Newsweek, Life,* and other secular news media picked up the good copy of Bad Guys *v.* Good Guys and played it to the hilt. What was not achieved by the revolutionaries at the Council became a fact by jaundiced reportage. It was as though Marshall McLuhan sat at the right hand of the periti, while Machiavelli advised on the left.

Cardinal Montini's election as Supreme Pontiff was secured through the offices of Cardinal Spellman, who, it is said, convinced Cardinal Ottaviani and other leading conservative cardinals that Montini would hold the line on doctrinal changes, but experiment with social, organizational and liturgical matters. (Pope John had created some liberals as cardinals, but the majority of the Sacred College were still Pius-appointed cardinals.) The liberals were, of course, jubilant over the elevation of one of their circle to the purple but, as Pope Paul demonstrated that he had not become God's First Minister to preside over the dissolution of His Church, they soon soured on him. As Pope Paul successfully squelched one after the other of their adroit maneuvers to change church doctrines, he came under attack by cardinals and periti to the extent that, at the end of the Third Session of Vatican II, some liberals actually turned their backs on the Pope as he went down the main aisle of St. Peter's. (*Life* showed the remarkable snub.)

The main issue at Vatican II was really that of *collegiality*, or the idea of the bishops somehow ruling together *as a body* over the Church. The liberals knew that, in order to destroy the



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autocratic power of Pope and Curia, they had to stress the idea of the rule of the bishops, collectively. Also, such a move would overcome the embarrassing doctrine of Papal infallibility so inimical to Protestants. In a daring move they actually succeeded in pushing through a bogus statement on collegiality that de-emphasized Papal infallibility and unhistorically recognized the Pope as only the chief bishop in a college of bishops (or "first among equals" doctrine). This would have made all previous Catholic teaching a sham and negated the decisions of Vatican II. As Paul Blanshard says in his book on Vatican II:

> In the whole discussion of the issue of power and authority in the Church the favorite verbal device for the advocates of reform was the phrase "collegiality of bishops." Above all, the liberals wanted to define the bishops' power more clearly so that it could be used as a weapon against the Roman Curia.

But Pope Paul, acting on his legal right to amend, veto, or alter Council deliberations (the Council was only an advisory body, not a parliament, despite liberal propaganda to the contrary), made thirteen "nota" (insertions) into the final draft of the Schema on the Church (dealing with collegiality, among other things) to correct the completely false doctrine created by the bishops. One such notum reads as follows:

> But the college or body of bishops has no authority unless it is simultaneously conceived of in terms of its head, the Roman Pontiff, Peter's successor, and without any lessening of his power of primacy over all, pastors as well as the general faithful. For in virtue of his office, that is as Vicar of Christ and pastor of the whole Church, the Roman Pontiff has full, supreme, and universal power over the Church. And he can always exercise that power freely. (p. 43, The Documents of Vatican II.)

Using propagandist ridicule techniques, Hans Küng later said Pope Paul had "an exaggerated view of his office." If so, then all Popes have exaggerated and past Catholic teaching has been a lie.

The Bishops Awaken

As the Council developed, the originally somnolent American bishops, catching fire from their alert European colleagues, became able engineers of liberal proposals often going beyond the Europeans in ferocious, vituperative attacks on the Curia. Given other people's ideas, pragmatic Americans can do marvels! As Paul Blanshard points out:

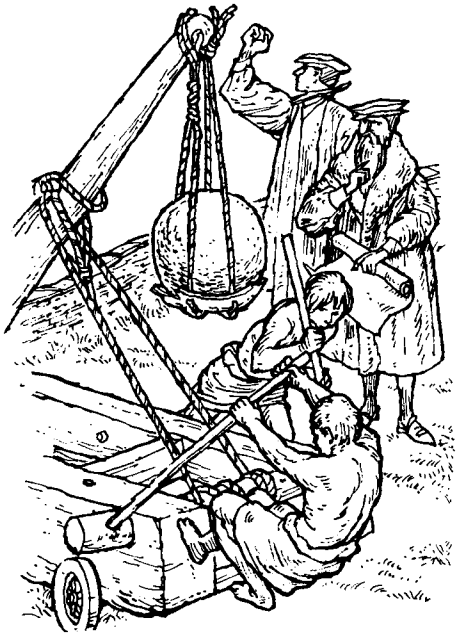
> On the whole the American bishops did not present to the world at Vatican II a picture of great intelligence. . . . The American bishops at Vatican II were saved from vacuity by their periti, or theological experts. Many of these were brilliant scholars who far outshone the bishops in fame and knowledge. Behind the scenes, the bishops were usually wise enough to let superior wisdom dictate the words chosen and even the policies endorsed. Among the periti the Jesuits, as usual, played a leading part.

However "brilliant" the American periti may have been, they got their ideas from the European Catholic thinkers mentioned earlier. The fact remains that, once at the Council, the conservative Americans, following their second-rate periti, joined the revolutionary group to bring about whatever their mentors thought best. The Europeans found the most efficient machinery to press forward their reforms.

The intellectual periti who really imposed their theories upon the bishops had many ideas in common and were influenced by several currents of modern thought: 1) existential phenomenology; 2) German Protestant theology (especially Bonhoeffer); 3) the ideas of the Jesuit Teilhard de Chardin.

For about seven centuries, Roman Catholic theology has been expressed in the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, the thirteenth-century Christian interpreter of Aristotle. However, modern thought has generally passed over the philosophy of St. Thomas, and the validity of Aristotle's "substance" philosophy has been questioned in an age of "process" philosophies of science. Reacting against these tendencies, avant-garde Roman Catholic theologians found existential-phenomenological emphasis upon "authentic faith," "conscience," "the person," "human love," etc. more in keeping with the current mood of youth. Further, the work of Teilhard de Chardin gives a process world-view that appeals to the modern temper. Teilhard considers evolution a *fact* and optimistically predicts the evolution of humanity into a spiritual one-worldism ("noösphere). The trouble is that, while much of this thought may appeal to a wider public than Thomism (with its very technical terminology), de Chardin and other theologians may have thrown the Catholic baby out with the Thomistic bathwater.

It is clear that avant-garde Catholic theologians seized upon the Council as the means of de-Catholicizing the Roman Catholic Church, while they pretended only to de-Romanize it. In attempting to appeal to all areas of current thought (there is now a Catholic Marxist Society in London and theologian Leslie Dewart argues for a Catholic rapprochement with Marxism!) the liberals have been, in effect, slowly dissolving the Catholic Church. By twisting words and using modern Protestant terminology and ideas, the theological revisionists have succeeded in producing a mess whereby many Catholic laymen, priests and religious have become so confused as to feel alienated from Catholic culture. The so-called liberals try to rationalize the damage they have done by arguing that most of those abandoning Peter's Bark are discouraged over the Pope's failure to enact all the liberals' schemes into Catholic law. The fact remains that the Church that always claimed to speak for God is now speaking in so many tongues that the faithful are confused and disheartened. The liberals' desire to win over the young has left the elderly in anguish and despair as they observe



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the dissolution of their faith. What charity and love does this trickery demonstrate?

The "true-believers" could not have won over the bishops to their newfound philosophy unless other elements were present within the Church community. I believe these currents caused the bishops to listen to the theological reformers:

1. *The nationalistic jealousies of various hierarchies towards Italian domination of the Church of Rome, especially during the tight reign of Pius XII.* This whole emphasis upon nationalism, although understandable in Luther's day, seems rather backward-looking in a time when intellectuals (who the true-believers wish to woo) speak of *internationalism*. Then, too, the Church always boasted of its being above petty national rivalries and many considered its supranational character one of its strongest points. The Italians became the trusted rulers of the central Church machinery because, in the fifteenth to nineteenth centuries, the Italians were not loyal to any national state and were therefore free from the domination of French, English, German or other rulers, who frequently attempted to dominate the Popes.

2. *The fervent desire of Catholic bishops to re-unite Christendom in a time when secularism and materialism appear to be conquering the world.* Many of the original liberal bishops merely wanted to erase all *minor* practices and attitudes that falsely posed barriers to Christian unity. Unfortunately, their theological advisers slipped them some false cards to play. Surely there were basic Catholic beliefs that remained, even when Catholic theology was "de-Hellenized" (the Greek Platonic-Aristotelian language and philosophical structure removed to make way for an existential language)? What, exactly, do Catholics believe regardless of the philosophical language used to express those beliefs?

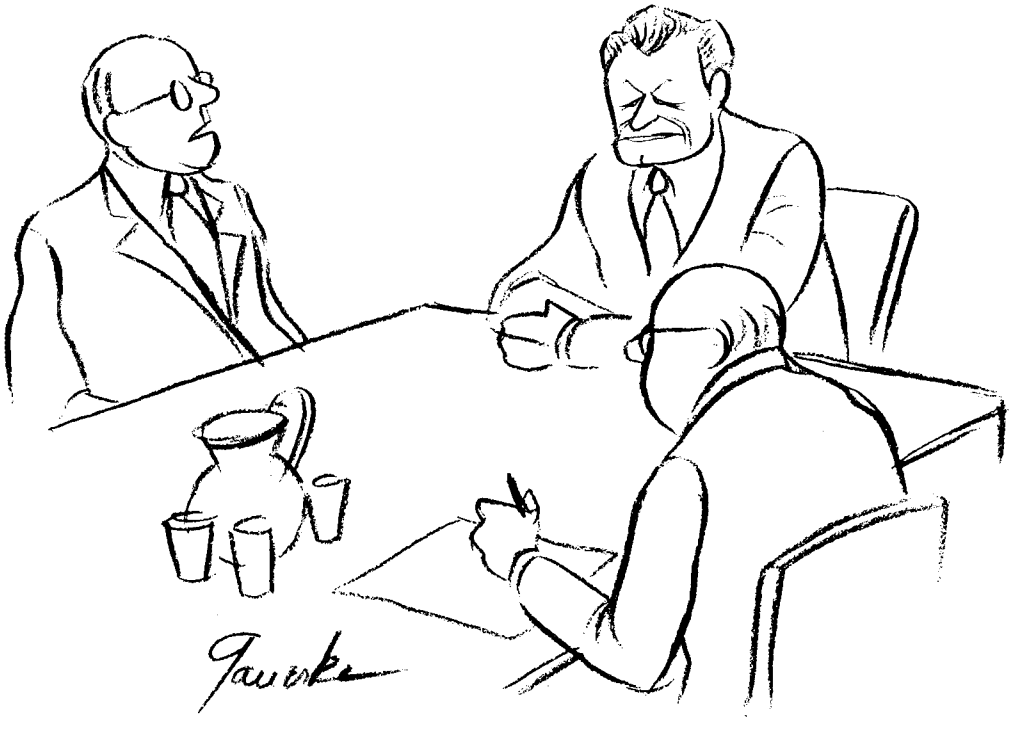
The Catholic liberals, in their efforts to win over Protestants, have adopted the terms "ministry," rather than "priesthood," "Christian," rather than "Catholic," "fellowship," rather than "Church meeting," etc. But is there no meaning in "Catholic"? As Malcolm Muggeridge observed, the Christian union contemplated will come at precisely the time when there remains nothing to unite!

3. *The obvious concern of Catholic minorities in essentially Protestant countries (U.S.A. & Holland, most notably) to gain acceptance as social and political equals.* Since the Council, the pragmatic Americans have shocked many Europeans by rushing to force the acceptance of what, in many cases, were only theoretical issues at the Council. The zeal with which ill-conceived ideas are immediately put into operation ("The People's Mass" in Washington, D.C., for example) should give pause to many thoughtful Catholics.

4. *The influence of* cultural relativism *on all levels of educated society affects the bishops very strongly.* This can be seen in the arguments of the revisionists that the garb of nuns and priests should conform to twentieth-century American (or Dutch) society. This view that truth is relative to one's culture is surely destructive of any basic value, let alone Catholic morality. What about the necessity of Germans in Hitler's Germany conforming to his Nazi culture? If there is no universal right or standard, then Hitler's views were just as good as any other. The conformity involved in the revisionists' approach is truly appalling. At a time when we are becoming tolerant of Indian, Arab, African and other dress in the U.S.A., it seems odd to observe Catholic leaders making fun of the non-secular dress of their own clergy. This *intolerance* of the liberals in forcing all to accept their ideas even received a rebuke from *Time*.

5. *The general growth of a* secularist *mentality in theological circles, as in the general public, made the bishops listen to arguments for peaceful coexistence with this old enemy of religion.* Since American Protestant practice has always had a pragmatic, secular coloring, some American Catholic clergy found it easy to adjust to a this-worldly view. Whereas there can be no question that social concern is *part* of the Christian teaching, it is not the *whole* teaching. Catholic revisionists must honestly come to terms with the question: Do you believe in a hereafter? If there be no eternal reward, then why listen to ministers or priests at all?

6. *The influence of Protestant* subjectivist



"Now we've got to dream up some convictions for you to have the courage of."

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views of "conscience" over Catholic objectivist Church authority. Although conscience was never ignored in Catholic thought, the placing of one's private judgment over the law of the Church has never been Catholic. The whole claim of the Roman Catholic Church is that it is the *only objective* voice of God in the world. All Catholic practice is aimed at the disciplining of the self and the individual will to keep down the whims of desire—a barrier to holiness. Kings, Popes and beggars were all equal before the bar of God's justice; self-centeredness led to injustice and anarchy.

Of course, the real aim of the revisionists is to do away with the institution of the Church. Hence, any surrender of doctrine is approved to achieve this purpose. The institution of the Church stands in the way of the Teilhardist one-world dreams of the younger Jesuits. This hoped-for union of the secular and religious realms in one Christian community sounds pretty conformist and dull to me, especially since union at any price is hardly a sufficient reason for existence. The revisionists are not clear at all as to what really remains after the Church dissolves. De Chardin himself embraces a kind of pantheism, which is hardly Christian in any sense.

Catching Up with What the World Leaves Behind

As the reader can see, the difficulties are many in unraveling the confusion of the revisionists. If the matter is difficult for a teacher of philosophy to make clear, how much more confusing must it be for an ordinary layman! Although I ceased to be a Catholic in any sense 22 years ago when I studied philosophy in a Catholic college, I have always considered Catholic critiques of modern thought to be among the most trenchant. The Catholic philosophers were always able to spot fallacies and weaknesses in the thought of others, largely because they wished to destroy other viewpoints to enhance their own. Nevertheless, Catholic thinkers (and even ordinary priests) have been staunch critics of subjectivism, cultural relativism, determinism, psychologism and other pernicious confusions in thought. Today we witness leading Catholic theologians embracing these obvious errors. The zeal to belong and to convert to a new orthodoxy are, I suggest, at the bottom of this blindness of the new breed. The younger priests find it easier to conform to secular hedonism than to uphold a more difficult, objectivist view.

As the Catholic revisionists succeed in their adjustment of the Catholic world to the outmoded secular orthodoxies of the 1910-1950 period, the rest of the world seems to move beyond these errors to a renewed interest in Eastern mysticism. The existentialism embraced by many Catholic liberals is now denied by its former proponents. Sartre, for example, considers himself a Marxist. The Freudians are considered no better than voodoo-priests by many psychologists, yet now the "New Catholics" have belatedly "discovered" them. De Chardin's confusion of scientific ideas is fast coming to light (see Nobel-Laureate Medawar's critique in his *The Art of the Soluble*). The bitter fruit of the shoddy science of de Chardin's subjectivism is seen in the anarchism that confronts us daily. It is time we curbed our egos to really do good for *others*. What kind of a civilization can we expect, if we are to cater to immature, youthful egotism and selfish desire?

I am sure 1984 has been with us for at least a decade. The breakdown of rational thought has come about in various ways, but the contribution of the fallacies mentioned above to the destruction of rational communication has been very great. It is a frightening thing, too, to observe the imminent collapse of a mammoth institution like the Catholic Church. This internal suicide of the Church will be studied for centuries, no doubt, but I submit that the reckless twisting of truth by Church pragmatists and their mindless allies will have brought about its collapse. The revolutionaries will, of course, say that the failure of the Church to reform itself in their image came too late for their reforms to take effect, and thus the Church collapsed. Strangely, however, thousands converted to the Church before the Council, while now even thousands of clergy are said to be deserting Peter's Bark. Perhaps the retreat to secularist confusions of the past hardly attracts people who are really searching for a deepening understanding of the universe and their place in it?

I hasten to inscribe these inadequate thoughts on the Catholic sell-out to secularist confusion lest I, too, succumb to "newspeak" and join the chorus of lies and doubletalk that mark the record of our unhappy, empty time. Since I am an agnostic and a believer in no organized religion, I can hardly be considered a conservative or a liberal *vis-à-vis* the Catholic Church. In fact, I agree with Bertrand Russell that organized religion has done more harm than good. Nevertheless, as a professor of philosophy, my aim is the search for truth, and the truth is that the Catholic Church has been subverted by its own theologians.

Any Means to an End?

Former peritus Charles Davis shows how far double-think has gone in this passage from his *A Question of Conscience:*

> . . . Many Catholics seem to me simply to avoid facing the relevant issues. They have escaped from the pressures of a rigidly dogmatic Church by remaining uncommitted in regard to any definite doctrinal statement. I have failed to see any principle underlying their attitude. Its cause would seem to be that, unable to accept all the teaching of the Church, they have no clear reason for accepting any of it.
>
> . . . On one occasion I listened carefully to a brilliant exposition by a Roman Catholic on what the Christian Church was and should mean. Afterwards I said that, so far from disagreeing, I could not see any important difference between what had been put forward and my own understanding of the Church. My difficulty, I added, was that as I saw it the exposition was incompatible with the Roman Catholic profession of faith, in particular, with the first and second Vatican Councils. "Well, does that really matter?" was the *maddening* [my emphasis] reply.

Thus my concern in this article has been with what, in truth, has happened in the Church. Like many non-believers, I am pleased with some of the *results*. However, the *methods* used by supposedly honest, high-minded thinkers in the Church cause me to worry about the chances of knowing the truth about anything in our present, McLuhanesque world. If a vast institution encompassing half a billion persons can be dissolved by propaganda tricks before our eyes, then what next? That the periti would, in effect, argue that the end justified the means—any means, that is, to create a *new* Church—makes one worry about the future state of morality in the world. Honesty is, I do believe, the best policy, even for bishops and theologians. □

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COVER STORY

Mr. Bethel, who monitors Cuban affairs from his desk in Miami, shows how Communist puppetmasters in Havana and Peking manipulate American black power leaders and teach them their trade—which is death in our streets

BLACK POWER AND RED CUBA

PAUL D. BETHEL

IT HAS OFTEN BEEN SAID that a country's foreign policy is the reflection—the sum—of its domestic policies. This most certainly is true of America over the past seven years, during which the Democrats in Washington have tried to meet guerrilla violence in Latin America, as they now try to meet urban terrorism in our cities, with what amounts to the mentality of the social worker. Our Communist enemies have learned something from all of this, and reason that if the sociologist's approach being used in Latin America has failed, as it most smashingly has, it certainly cannot be counted on to succeed here. This is the final truth behind what has now emerged as a link between Negro militants in the United States and subversive guerrilla movements in Latin America.

Evidence has been accumulating over the past several years that some leaders of the U.S. civil rights movement are responding to directives coming out of Havana, rather than to any real desire to raise the economic and social status of the American Negroes. A most recent example: Last January 11, SNCC leader H. Rap Brown took sanctuary in the Cuban Mission to the United Nations for six hours after a policeman spotted him lugging a package out of the Cuban Mission and asked him what it contained. Brown refused to answer, and when officer Richard Gleason moved to pull him in, Brown ran back into the Mission. Police were refused entry on the grounds that the Mission enjoys diplomatic immunity.

Just one day earlier, Stokely Carmichael was in Washington organizing the "Black United Front." Martin Luther King's Washington representative, Walter E. Fauntroy, was reported to have attended the meeting. (Fauntroy also is vice chairman of the City Council of Washington, D.C.). Complete details are lacking, but enough leaked out to indicate that Carmichael's group plans to station black power militants in every Negro neighborhood in this country. Carmichael's control of the organization and his ability to attract to the meeting leading Negro figures led UN diplomats to speculate that he may now be receiving financial support from Havana, and to speculate further that money for that purpose was in the package which H. Rap Brown refused to surrender for inspection to the New York patrolman.

(*Human Events*, citing U.S. intelligence sources, reports that Carmichael was hesitant about what to do following Dr. King's murder, and that it was only after receiving a phone call from *Prensa Latina*, the Cuban news agency in New York, that he rushed out into the streets of Washington, waving a pistol and urging Negroes to "go get guns.)

Inspired by Havana

Following some bitter exchanges among members of Washington's City Council, Fauntroy was permitted to continue to serve as a vice chairman while accepting membership in Carmichael's Black United Front. One may well contemplate the hue and cry which would attend the investiture of a member of the Ku Klux Klan in the City Council of our nation's capital. That Council passes on permits to groups asking to hold parades and public meetings, determines to a large extent what police action is to be during civil disturbances and takes a number of other decisions in which Mr. Fauntroy now has a vested interest because of his membership in Stokely Carmichael's organization.

The inspiration to form a Black United Front most definitely came from Havana. On August 14, 1967 Radio Havana quoted Carmichael, who was in Havana at the time, as follows: "The new name [Black United Front] will have a decisive influence on the attitude of the Afro-Americans to fight with arms . . . and in teaching them that they also are involved in the fight for liberty of the exploited people of Asia, Africa, and Latin America." In other words, Carmichael allied his goals with that of the Tricontinental organization of subversion which was formed in Havana by the Soviet Union in January 1966, and serves as the central strategy body through which guerrilla wars are planned and financed. Carmichael has now joined in those guerrilla wars. Although Havana announced that Carmichael's new organization would be called "The Negro Movement of Liberation," his group is the "Black United Front." But this has only circumstantial meaning. The point is that the inspiration and militant purpose behind it came from Havana.

Carmichael also is allied with the Puerto Rican Independence Movement (MPI) and went to San Juan a year ago, on January 24, 1967, under MPI auspices. The MPI staffs what it calls a "Free Puerto Rico" embassy in Havana, while its student arm is allied with Castro's Continental Organization of Latin American Students. The whole of the Puerto Rican Independence Movement has become little more than a puppet whose handler is in Havana. Carmichael said he supported "Puerto Rico's just struggle for independence." He signed a "protocol" with the MPI and addressed his new allies in the fol-

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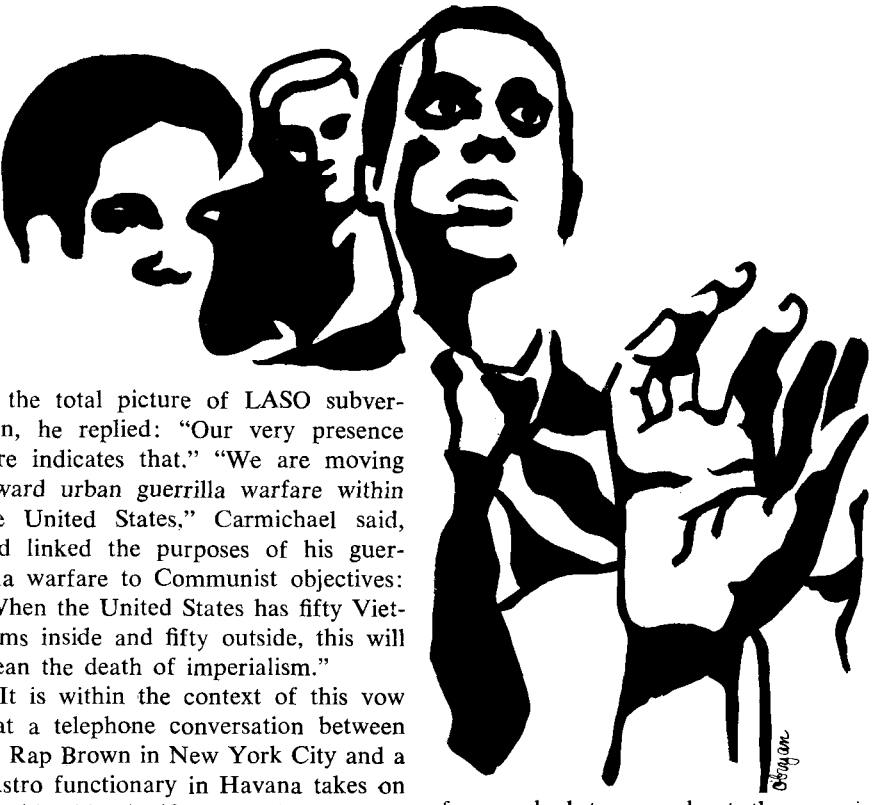
lowing terms: "There is a great connection between our fight for Negro power in the United States and your fight for independence," and revealed that he was following the Havana line. Castro's newspaper *Granma* quoted him: "Brothers, we see our fight connected with the patriotic struggle of the peoples of Africa, Asia and Latin America against foreign oppression, especially United States oppression."

It should have come as no surprise to Washington when Carmichael went to Cuba in late July of last year and took part in the Latin American Solidarity Organization conference (LASO), the branch of the Tricontinental organization specifically charged with subverting the Western Hemisphere. Carmichael was made an "honorary delegate" among the 164 Communists from 27 countries and dependencies, and apparently worked on the "resolution" to free American Negroes from alleged white oppression. Apart from the blunt language in which the resolution itself is couched (it is too long to consider here), Carmichael's own statements regarding the resolution and his own view of things show how important Cuba is as a Communist base. *Granma* published an interview with Carmichael in which he said that "Fidel Castro is a source of inspiration" and that Cuban Communism has a special importance "because it is the nearest system." Asked whether his activities were a part of the total picture of LASO subversion, he replied: "Our very presence here indicates that." "We are moving toward urban guerrilla warfare within the United States," Carmichael said, and linked the purposes of his guerrilla warfare to Communist objectives: "When the United States has fifty Vietnams inside and fifty outside, this will mean the death of imperialism."



It is within the context of this vow that a telephone conversation between H. Rap Brown in New York City and a Castro functionary in Havana takes on considerable significance. The long-distance call was broadcast throughout Latin America by Radio Havana last August 13. Brown told Havana, "Our rebellion is against the power and structure of white America." He bragged that black power now is proficient in the terrorist urban tactics of the Vietcong, and said of this summer: "Each city in America which has a large Negro population can predict with confidence that it will have a rebellion." The interviewer prompted Brown to get on with a discussion of discrimination against the Negro in the armed forces, and Brown alleged (falsely): "It is no accident that 30 per cent of the casualties in Vietnam are black men and that 22 per cent of the forces there are black." He added: "They are not only killing us in Vietnam, but in the streets of America!" and concluded, "We live in the stomach of the monster and we can destroy him from within!"

In Paris at the time, Carmichael told a cheering, stamping crowd of antiwar demonstrators: "We don't want peace in Vietnam. We want the Vietnamese to defeat the United States of America. . . . Our aim is to disrupt the United States of America. We are going to escalate our resistance movement against the war in Vietnam." He called the Vietcong "our brothers as well as our comrades in arms."

We turn, then, to a consideration of what Havana's Tricontinental Conference had to say about the war in Vietnam and civil rights in this country. One passage is highly interesting: "Although geographically Afro-Americans do not form a part of Latin America, Asia, or Africa, special considerations demand that the Tricontinental Organization create the necessary mechanisms so that these brothers in the struggle will, in the future, be able to participate in the great battle being fought . . ." And here is how Havana told them to do it back in January of 1966: "Rallies of protest against the war in Vietnam, demonstrations, boycotts . . . celebrations of days and weeks of solidarity . . ." And the resolution on Vietnam said that each spring in the U.S. Negroes should rally and protest.

On April 4, 1967 Martin Luther King rose to the speakers' stand in New York's Riverside Church in one of the greatest and most irresponsible condemnations of American policy in Vietnam ever to come from a well-known U.S. citizen. King called the United States "the greatest purveyor of violence in the world today" and almost overnight became one of the leaders of Vietnik peacenik agitation in the country. He was prominent in the Spring Mobilization for Peace and staged a series of mass rallies all over the country against the war in Vietnam.

More striking than Dr. King's adherence to the Vietnik cause was the

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manner in which political resolutions adopted by the Tricontinental Organization in Havana in 1966 found their way into the rhetoric of the Negro anti-Vietnam war advocates in this country. Compare these statements, for instance, culled from a handful of Martin Luther King's talks after he became a Vietnik activist in 1967:

Havana, 1966: "The Afro-Americans are being shipped off to fight in Vietnam. For each white American, the imperialists send two Afro-Americans."

King, 1967: "Twice as many Negroes as whites are in combat."

Havana, 1966: "North American aggressors deliberately use new scientific discoveries that kill our forests . . ."

King, 1967: "We kill a million acres of their crops, poison their water . . ."

Havana, 1966: "The invading forces in Vietnam surpassed the barbaric actions of Hitler's hordes . . . mutilations, savage tortures, mass assassinations . . ."

King, 1967: "We try out new weapons on them, just as the Germans tested out new medicines and new tortures in the concentration camps of Europe . . ."

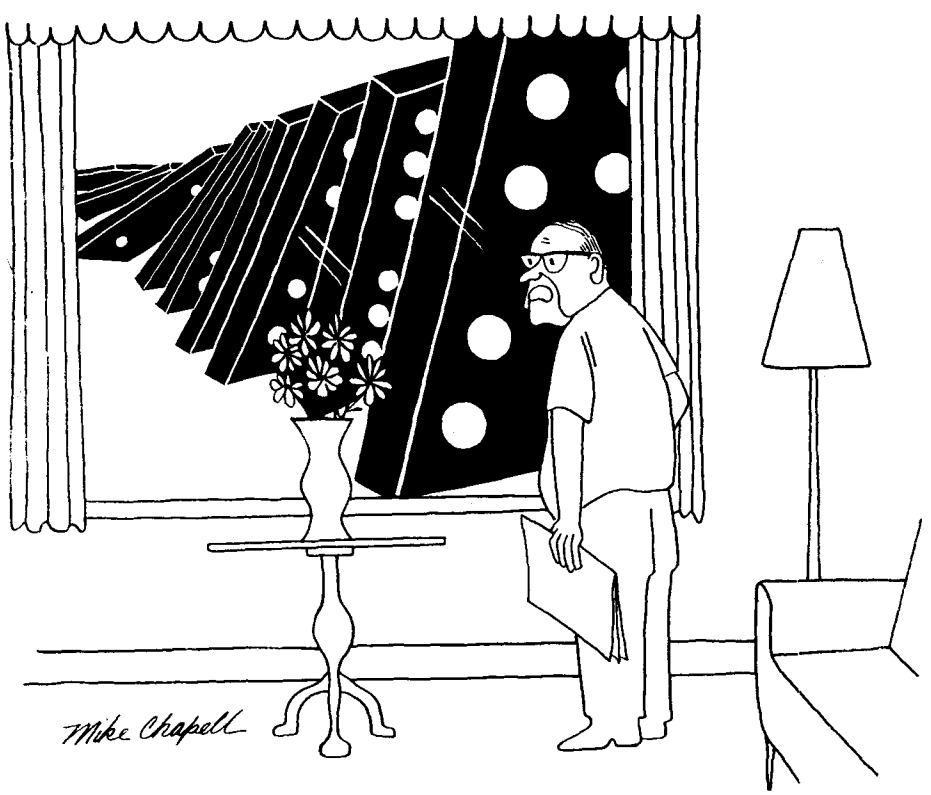
Whether consciously or not, Martin Luther King was placing himself in the company, not only of Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown, but of Robert Williams, the Negro fugitive from justice from North Carolina, who is wanted on a kidnaping charge. Williams fled to Cuba six years ago, urged American Negroes, over Radio Havana, to form "fire teams" and burn the cities; put out an incendiary magazine called the *Crusader* which gave details on how to make homemade fire bombs, booby traps, napalm bombs and flame-throwers. A couple of years ago he disappeared from the public view and turned up some months later in Peking where his propaganda efforts were turned toward Negro GIs in Vietnam. (Sample: "If you get trapped in this war, you should eliminate as many of your real enemies [white Americans] as you can at the front so that these racists will not be able to return home.")

Several months ago, Williams announced he wanted to return to the United States, presumably to be where the action is going to be this summer. And last month, in Detroit, the National Black Government Conference founded the Republic of New Africa (comprising the former states of Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, South Carolina and Georgia) and elected Robert Williams President (H. Rap Brown is to be Minister of Defense).

Militants Seize Opportunity

There is also the matter of the involvement of Carmichael and Co. with the Puerto Rican Independence movement. Two Puerto Ricans in the Cuban Mission to the UN are credited by their diplomatic colleagues with having managed the MPI-Carmichael alliance. One, Mrs. Laura Meneses de Albizu, is the widow of Pedro Albizu, who was the original leader of the Independence Movement and also in on the plot to shoot President Harry S. Truman two decades ago. The other is Juan Juarbe y Juarbe, a writer for Castro's original 26th of July organ, *Revolución*, back in 1959 and a contributor to Cuba's propaganda wire service, *Prensa Latina*, today. Both are cloaked by diplomatic immunity, but also are involved in a Tricontinental Information Center which has recently been opened at 1133 Broadway in New York City. Federal authorities have yet to mention that this Cuban-linked office has been established in the United States, and have done nothing about it. The suddenness with which militants take advantage of hesitation, confusion or weakness make it entirely possible that the SNCC-backed office will invite Latin American guerrillas to come to the United States and speak here. By that time, the initial shock of the event will have been dissipated in the elephantine reflexes of our State Department. Indeed, a step has already been taken in that direction with the presentation of Angel Silen, a leader of the FUPI (the Puerto Rican Independence Movements Youth Arm), whose speech a few months ago might have been written in Havana.

However that may be, this much seems certain. Our foreign policy failure in the confrontation with Communism in Cuba and elsewhere has come to roost on the rifle barrels of Negro militants in our cities. And no amount of political cover-up can obscure the fact that this country now is besieged at home and very close by with a sophisticated array of psychological and physical weaponry. This is the final reward of the social worker in the field of foreign affairs and the ultimate truth of what we face because of it. □



"Edith! It's really happened!"

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LETTER FROM OTTAWA

ONE NATION OR TWO

DONALD G. M. COXE

SIX NATIONAL ELECTIONS in eleven years sounds suspiciously like government by referendum. When Pierre Elliott Trudeau (Canada's first premier to lie about his age) shouted *Fini!* to his one-hour term as Liberal Parliamentary leader, throwing Canada into another election, he did not extend the seeming instability in the nation's government: he threw down the gauntlet in a duel whose longer-range results may determine whether Canada remains a single nation. His putative opponent is the Tories' colorless Robert Stanfield, but his real antagonist is the dynamic leader of Quebec separatists, René Levesque. Trudeau's election as leader at the Liberals' tumultuous April convention derived not from his political experience—which is exiguous—nor his record as a French leftist intellectual, but rather from a visceral feeling among delegates from across the country that only a magnetic Frenchman with a commitment to strong central government can halt the separatist upsurge. This was probably the correct analysis, but the preservation of a united Canada may be at the cost of a leftward jolt, accompanied by currency devaluation and economic recession.

L'affaire de Gaulle put separatism on page one to stay. Until de Gaulle lent the movement his enormous prestige, separatist advocates were mostly students and an ultra-left fringe. He reminded French Canadians of their remarkable history, and of their second-class status. Overnight, separatism became respectable among the *bourgeoisie*. Since no French Revolution would be complete without an Estates General it was hastily created. The assemblage astonished English Canada with its virulence: the tiny pro-Canadian minority was swamped by 1789-style enthusiasm, as the delegates voted not only for secession, but annexation of Labrador and Baffin Island.

The situation grew more serious when Levesque, best-known member of the Quebec Liberal Party, broke with his party and began a full-time crusade aimed at independence by 1970. Levesque is a forceful, brilliant socialist, and a formidable leader for the movement.

Investors watched the excitement with alarm. Quebec bonds broke sharply the day after de Gaulle's speech, and are still selling at historic lows. Shares of companies with large Quebec investments slid downwards as stockholders remembered Levesque's career in the former Liberal cabinet, in which he had threatened nationalization of the mining companies if they did not "behave in socially responsible ways." In Levesque's view, that meant complete capitulation to unions, and heavy expenditures on community betterment.

'Another Little Colony . . .'

Enter Trudeau, Minister of Justice, swinging bachelor, renowned voyageur, former editor of the leading French leftist journal *Cité Libre*. He unveiled a proposed constitutional amendment that would guarantee French language rights across Canada (long overdue), and shocked the separatist leaders by open doubt that the Quebec government needed as many powers as it now has, let alone those demanded by Premier Johnson.

Essentially, then, the debate on Canada's future seems to be between Trudeau and Levesque. Surprisingly, there is little difference between their positions; each wants almost unlimited expansion of government activity, but Trudeau wants the direction to come from Ottawa, while Levesque sees Quebec City as the power center.

Levesque's separatism derives from his belief that all inequities in Quebec society come from the dominance of the "vested interests"—the English-owned corporations and the politicians dependent on business support. ("English" includes Americans and non-French-Canadians.) If Quebec secedes over the opposition of the capitalists, the new government will owe nothing to the reactionaries and will be able, he reasons, to create a workers' paradise. He correctly points out that the biggest restraint on federal power has been Quebec's insistence on increasing local autonomy, and suggests that this "unsatisfactory" state of affairs can only be resolved by Quebec's secession: then each state can have centralized control and accomplish the necessary restructuring of society.

Trudeau's social views differ little from Levesque's but he is realistic about the hopelessness of an independent Quebec. "A little colony of France," he sneered, "getting charity from France like other colonies." He ridicules de Gaulle's presumption: "France has had seventeen constitutions since the Revolution, and now can advise Canada on its constitution." The charter of French rights he proposes was agreed to by the other provinces at the recent Constitutional Convention, and it is an eminently reasonable document. Trudeau talks of ending the present strife so that "we can move on to creative things."

While the debate rages, Canada's economic position worsens. In January the Bank of Canada spent one-tenth of Canada's foreign exchange reserves to prop up the dollar after LBJ announced his exchange controls. Canada's balance of payments with the U. S. is weakening, and the Canadian dollar is at present sustained by Wall Street's annual purchase of $1 billion in new Canadian bonds. Quebec's bloated spending plans may require $450 million in new debt. With investors leery of Quebec securities, the Quebec financial crisis—and that is not an overstatement—may well rule out new sales in the U. S. Will other Canadian governments find ready buyers for their bonds when Americans realize that the federal government is already running a deficit that is proportionately as great as LBJ's, with no war to blame it on? The billion-dollar deficit may climb now that the left wing of the Liberal Party has triumphed.

The Quebec issue is giving a powerful boost to policies of profligacy at a time when exports of wheat and newsprint (our biggest dollar-earners) are softening. If Trudeau is to win a clear majority in the June election, he must sweep Quebec and score heavily in other areas with large French populations. If that happens, Levesque is probably through politically, and separatism will subside. My depreciating dollar is bet on Trudeau. Whether Canada will benefit from his victory is less likely. □

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SIEGE AT MORNINGSIDE

FAREWELL COLUMBIA

MARK EDELSON

IT'S GETTING HARDER to tell the difference between students and thugs. Columbia University at Morningside Heights (once a place for eagles, but no one knows when anymore), increasingly careless of its admissions, a place of liberal education; now, the last week of April, the harvest is early.

On Tuesday, April 23, a group of professional grievance-seekers with the fanciful name "Students for a Democratic Society," tired of persuasion, tired (at nineteen) of democratic process, tried to cancel the construction of a new university gym in Morningside Park by illegally seizing the area. Because the park is actually the border between the university above and Harlem below, SAS (Student Afro-American Society—for Negroes only) permitted a discrimination long since canceled in the rest of the university and joined in the waves of assault. After a melee of intolerant students and tolerant (up to a point) police, they were driven from the site—anarchy repelled by law. In their nomenclature, Police Brutality.

Disappointed and sullen, regrouping on Tuesday afternoon they now seized Hamilton Hall (the main undergraduate building) where there are no police and no construction workers; only professors and deans, and other students, whose education was about to be sacrificed for ideology. Since there was no resistance, these generally affluent squatters took the building without fuss —and the university pattern of passive nonresistance had begun. The lobby of the building had the appearance of an intermission at some Broadway, or more nearly off-Broadway, theater, except that the intermission never stopped and the debris of munch and snack began to rise from the floor.

Since there was no performance, merely disruption, many went home in the pre-and after-midnight hours, and the group shook down to what are either the "totally committed" (their word) or the "totally disruptive" (the perceiver's word). Meanwhile the university had gone to sleep, dreaming and hoping who knows what, at a time when the action (already thoroughly illegal) could have been dissolved with a simple determination, which was apparently not there.

About two in the morning there was an accretion of racial identity (among the Negro students) and the white students who do not have it (as part of their metaphysics) left the building and ceded it to SAS. Whether this happened by persuasion or force is still not clearly defined, but if it was the latter, one presumes it did not take much. SDS, dispossessed and unchurched (they are the homeless of our society), seeking a new extremity they could call their own, walked across the sleeping campus, to Seth Low Library, and occupied its nerve center, the office of the university president on the second floor.

The next morning the university awoke from bad dreams and found, like the hero in Kafka's stories, that the dream was real. President Kirk stayed out of his office. He was smart. Dean Coleman of Columbia College (and two other university officials) had been "detained" in his office all night—and finally left only by "permission" of the Negro students, in mid-afternoon. The building was now entirely theirs. They had expelled the university. The university, remonstrating and chiding all day, pulled itself to its ultimate strength about five o'clock and suspended all classes. The 20,000 students who used the university, many of them in the evening, working by day and sacrificing to get their education, now all found themselves part of a new sacrifice.

In Hamilton Hall, the Negro students, under advisement from Harlem agitators (daintily described as "militants" in the largely supine press) who had been filtering in and out of the building all day (having found a new kindle-point), barricaded the building with its own furniture (chairs, tables and filing cabinets) and began what amounted to a siege of the outside. Behind the table-obscured glass doors of the building were unfriendly black faces, keeping out "Whitey" (that is, strangers, not of the blood), and behind them, with the original students, were celebrities of the new campus—some identifiable, like Roy Innis and Charles Kenyatta, others anonymous and seeking a name. Coaching the students, preparing statements for them, staying over and becoming "In-Residence," a new faculty had been formed. It is not so hard to become a professor at Columbia as some have imagined.

Outside the building an admiring (for the most part) crowd had formed, their color Compliant White. They hung strainingly on every entrance and exit full of mystery and disdain; and waited in the dark outside, observing the lighted building, hungering for crumbs of notice—the tag-a-longs for black dominion.

About 9:00 PM Charles 37X Kenyatta, an alleged tough guy, emerged from his building and with an indifference and an exultation addressed the crowd. "I don't care," he said (in condensation), "what some people may say about private property. This building is in the eighteenth congressional district and it belongs to the people." The polemic "Black-Owned," unwritten but there, had been hung on the façade of Hamilton Hall. Kenyatta, disdaining inquiries—he had come to instruct, not to discuss—went back into his building. The white news media, who as every demagogue by now knows have a complete tropism towards noise, had to wait patiently till shortly after 11:30 for a crumb of statement. The statement was delivered inside the captured building. Thus a bit of the outside, non-, non-white world had to be let in. It went this way.

An immense Negro (unidentified), apparently chief enforcer of the coming dispensation, instructed. "First black newsmen from black media. Then black newsmen from white media. Last white newsmen"—the new protocol. The white media peacefully waited their turn and, when their turn came, squeezed with non-protest through the crack of an opening, and clambered with non-dignity over the barricade of once university property. They emerged only minutes later, like Chamberlain at Croydon, holding a one-page statement. Apparently they had come to accept, not to question. The statement, after

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repeating polemics about the gym and its relation to racial oppression, concluded, "We are prepared to remain here indefinitely until these conditions are met. We have established a cafeteria with adequate stores for all contingencies. A physician is in charge of the infirmary, morale is high. Our sanitation teams are maintaining the excellent condition of the building." Evidently the first American Soviet, or the latest in low-rent housing, had been established.

But what about the white brother in expropriation, now distanced by a campus block—was he getting the attention he deserved? The president's office had been occupied by these democrats all day. It is on the second floor, spacious, possessed of huge windows and a fine perspective proper to a president of one of the world's best-known institutions. Undergraduates do not usually spend much time there, but under the conditions of "Participatory Democracy," invitations are not necessary—anywhere. SDS, supplied with edibles and blankets from the outside, liquor and cigars from the inside (presidential stock), was in a buoyant mood. Having held a sort of kitchen town meeting, they had voted to stay until the gym was permanently stopped, till Columbia separated itself from the Institute for Defense Analyses, and until a guarantee of total amnesty was given to them. And, relating to their environment—a pity not to use it—they went through the desks and files of the president's office, copying material that interested them. They were now sophisticated looters. Or were they only children at play, as some sympathizers said? Or were they merely fully socially committed, as other sympathizers still say?

Paranoid at Nineteen

Constantly posing at the windows with a homing instinct for the cameras, these young masters occupied miles of film. And, composing statements, remarks, indictments and ultimatums, shouted them to the press, which took them all down. Along the perimeter of the building was a corps of fifteen or twenty city police, also under indictment from the second-story group, who baited them openly and slyly (they're very good at that); who under the siege of their own emotions stood in silence and impassivity. The police were not permitting further entrance into the building, but they did permit packages of food to be tossed up into the open windows. Thus a stasis or stalemate had been reached, not bred by equal force or right, but by the syndrome of non-reaction.

Inside, a pattern of faces emerged at the windows. Some diversity, but mainly, for the boys, an ethos of bristly side leaves and moustaches (that would bring back the moustache cup). And their valkyrie—girls long past all reticence. They were strange flowers. Already paranoid at nineteen, they saw a world all against them and were seeking out acts which could make their fantasy real. Some thought they were Rudi Dutschke, some that they were the dead Che risen, some, doubtless, that they were Bertold Brecht; and some merely dreamed that the police were afraid of them.

Young cranks draw the old cranks to them. The next day, the still accessible campus was inundated with splinter parties, ad hoc groups and apparently the streets of Harlem itself. At least thirty distinct modes of revolution were either preached or distributed on cheap paper. Students and non-campus people had occupied and barricaded two more halls of learning (Avery and Fayerweather) and hung outside their doors the scrawled announcement, "Liberated Building"—the rhetoric of Ho Chi Minh and Che Guevara, imperfectly understood. The Columbia campus, now 212 years old, had become an anarchist's dream.

The Almost Finest Hour

Around eight in the evening, after a day of university indecision, faculty squabbling, and bitter resentment against the seizures by the great majority of students (proved by referenda but unimplemented), a rally of noisy support for the mutineers was permitted just outside the campus gates at 116th Street and Broadway. There were by now many police stationed outside the gates on Broadway, present but inactive. Speaker after speaker, mostly unconnected with the university, and by their grammar apparently entirely unconnected with education, detailed the cruelties of Columbia. They were all abrasive, but the Negro speakers, fulfilling the role assigned to them by our media-painted society, explored the extremities of contentiousness. Inside the gates (still open) were several hundred college students (the real campus), now in their third day without classes and bitter against the rally which was promising an escalation of assault against the university.

A little before ten an apocalyptic moment arrived. Over a hundred of those outside declared that they were going to march into the campus. The students, who were still capable of reacting as the university was not, blocked the gates. The sea of militants pushed against the sea-wall of students, who held—shouting together "No, No, No," the chant of the one-yard line—where they were; where we all are, some not yet knowing it. It was almost Columbia's finest hour. But then, suddenly, the police, motionless till now, coalesced into their most effective flying wedge and interposed, ahead of the militants, and broke the student line. A number of students were knocked to the ground, but the greatest hurt was expressed by one who said unbelievingly, "It's us they're against."

It was a mild version of the long

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march. The militants, under police protection, walked through the university from Broadway to Amsterdam Avenue, and having made several things clear, dispersed for the time being. The loyal students had already been dispersed. The next day, Friday, the campus was sealed off to all non-university personnel. Saturday, Sunday and Monday passed—all sacrificed. Innumerable and interminable parleys and conferences occurred, faculty, students, faculty and students, all with a plan. The administration, its will undefined, tendered various proposals to the Negro students in Hamilton, to the white students in Low, to the miscellaneous annex crowds in Avery and Fayerweather. They were now negotiating with buildings. The university dilly-dallied while land expropriation on Morningside Heights approached its first full week.

Inside the campus there were bets that the siege of Hué would be exceeded. But at 3:00 A.M. on Tuesday, April 30, after the Columbia name and all those connected to it had been thoroughly mutilated, one thousand police (out of pawn) moved onto the campus, and in little more than sixty minutes, against weak resistance (for Fidelistas or Maoists) and without guns, without tear gas and with only minor force, cleared all the captive buildings. These young revolutionaries, so often filled with death rhetoric, have not yet found their *métier*. Several hundred were arrested and in a few hours released. Later on Tuesday, the young mutineers promised strikes and more turbulence, but they were now without their territorial imperative.

A tragedy, a comedy, a history, a masque for dancers? We do not know yet. This is a play in many scenes and an unknown number of acts. But it seems certain that so far education is losing, and has been losing for several years. This week had a history, mainly defined by a university that returned the look of concession to the face of minority student intimidation. The tablets are broken—beyond repair? Nor had the break come suddenly, without warning.

II.

Poetry Against the War

Columbia University had come to a three-quarter semicolon stop six weeks earlier on March the thirteenth. Under pressure from student radicals and off-campus advisers, it handed over its facilities to "The New Learning." This meant a day and an evening of agitation by the new secessionists, who, taking up a theory paramount in South Carolina in the first half of the nineteenth century, preached the legitimacy of "nullification" of an unliked law—in this case the Selective Service Act. John C. Calhoun was not there, but Dwight Macdonald, his reasonable dilution, was; also fine spinners at the law, mythologizing a criminal America; also visiting professors forging history; also petitioners for anarchy; producing an ad hoc university conferring one-day, informal degrees in the minor of Non-Allegiance.

In the evening came the New Art. Barnard College donated its gym to an announced format of Poetry Against The War. There was a panel of readers, but the frost of the evening was that celebrity of all self-pity (and Columbia alumnus) Allen Ginsberg.

He began at 7:30 by leading a pseudo-prayer to the God Krishna (who must have been very amused), accompanying himself with thick sounds on the harmonium. This behind him, Ginsberg sat down. Several minor poets succeeded him. Between two banners, the blue and white of Columbia and the blue, white and red of the United States; between the flag of learning and the flag of patriotism, about an hour of anti-poetry and anti-Americanism (but allegorized as antiwar and compassion) was presented on the grounds of a tax-free university. The supposition that there is no audience for poetry in the United States was holding up. It was also confirmed that there is a youth now whose main preoccupation was not with the life they so brilliantly proclaimed, but instead with a sought narcosis, whether through rock music, a chemical (rather than life) diet, or a verbal drone—a lullaby for adolescents. (It is not accidental that there should be a rage for India, which has been in a narcosis now for 2,000 years, interrupted by the British only briefly.) Now and then they break into migraines and querulous protest, but these are anomalous.

At 8:45, having moved through realms of bad poetry, we now moved into something like the realm of gold. The poster-celebrity, looking like an evil reminiscence of the last Russian court, between the satire of two cautionary no-smoking signs, smoothed out a small book of manuscript before him, and began a 45-minute march through two eternities—his and his audience's. Sounding like an unchecked growth, looking like an unchecked growth, he expanded against his audience, filling them, stunning their minds and discriminations as the cobra prepares the bird who will be his eventual food. It is no accident that the discrimination of this age is less and less, since its entertainment (more important always than study) has become such an indoctrination of the bad, such an ugly condescension to babble and untrained infancy. A generation raised on that does not have the option to mature, now that their teachers or entertainers (or both) are drifting through their forties and still seeking post-adolescence. And have the appearance of potboys raised to eminence.

A sensitive spirit (like Ginsberg's) takes a terrible battering, a voluble one (also G's) never stops talking about it. A compassionate one reads to audiences. And there is no linguistic cut-rate. It is clear that a process akin to total immersion is what is really going on. Not only is the shaman searching for a devil inside him, but he is, he would like to think, redeeming a thousand besides—a medicine show without the bottles at the end, but with a product nonetheless.

The girls' gym had never known such incense, and under its sensibility-deadening powers (the opposite part of art —which always heightens sensibility), a suggestibility to negative action can be created without the invasion of proscribed drugs. But this "poetry" is legal.

The evening was suddenly over. Rasputin is very hard to kill, but he does get tired sometimes.

That was all. Except that, moving into the main foyer of Barnard Hall, one had to pass a last obstruction. There, hosts of the unfaithful stood with an evil blizzard of paper, all unfriendly to the country, announcing new coalitions, new indictments and new determinations . . . and so, in its time, came the siege of Morningside Heights.

If these are merely adolescent diversions, children should be restrained from dangerous games. But for all their noise, their sauce, their para-criminal turbulence, they are basically dispirited children. This generation is really lost. □

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ECHOES AND VOICES

REFLECTIONS ON VIOLENCE

MAX GELTMAN

THERE ARE many echoes in the world," said Goethe, "but few voices." The great German thinker said this in a more innocent age. Today voices are heard reverberating the echoes of what seemed a dead past, creating such a din with their demands for violence they will often deploy the word "nonviolence" to achieve it. Most of the voices reecho the language of terror reminiscent of an older time, but not so old it has been obliterated from the living memory of man. At least I hope not.

► "When I hear the word culture I release the safety catch on my revolver." (Nazi leader Hermann Goerring's favorite line from the play *The Schlageter*, by Hanns Johst.)

"When the native hears a speech about Western culture he pulls out his knife—or at least he makes sure it is within easy reach." (Frantz Fanon, philosopher of the New Left, in his *Wretched of the Earth*, a text on violence heartily approved by the French existentialist teacher of ultra-leftist *Schrecklichkeit*, Jean-Paul Sartre.)

"God? Religion? Terror is the best God." (Adolf Hitler.)

"Morality, like politics, starts from the barrel of a gun." (Andrew Kopkind, in the *New York Review of Books*.)

► "Break up meetings of the opposition. The demands of the jobless must be met and unemployment abolished." (Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Information and Propaganda in the Third Reich.)

"Smash the opposition." (Stalin to his followers in his struggle against Leon Trotsky.)

"Break up meetings of the opposition," say the young camp-followers of our peace and poverty candidates for President—and sometimes they get approval from the candidates themselves. In Wisconsin, after Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman was hooted off the platform by his youthful opposition, Presidential candidate Eugene McCarthy commented wryly that Mr. Freeman should make speeches where he would be sure of a more welcome reception. The same Mr. McCarthy likened his youthful campaigners to the Children's Crusade of the thirteenth century.

(The Children's Crusade of the year 1212 was part of the Poor Peoples' Crusades of the Middle Ages. Professor Norman Cohen in his evocation of those days in his exquisite work of scholarship, *The Pursuit of the Millennium*, says: "Meanwhile a renegade monk called Rudolph made his way from Heimaut to the Rhine, where he summoned the masses to join him in a People's Crusade and to make a start by killing the Jews. . . . Thereafter, the massacre of Jews was to remain a normal feature of popular, as distinct from knightly, crusades. . . .")

It need only be added that the earlier crusade ended tragically for the children, with most of them drowned trying to cross a hostile sea, while the remainder either starved to death or were sold into slavery in Africa. It is to be hoped Senator McCarthy's children have a better fate.

► "Ram me, damn me," was the slogan of the antinomian Ranters in Cromwell's England.

"Sock it to me, baby," is the slogan of Presidential candidate Robert F. Kennedy in 1968. Senator Kennedy, too, recalls a children's crusader of the Middle Ages. He was called "The Drummer of Nicklshausen," and was also known as the "holy youth." True, the Drummer demanded instant death for Pope and priest, landlord and burgher, but that was in the fifteenth century. Today, many of Bobby's younger and more militant disciples have been heard to echo the cry, raising the ante a bit—being somewhat more uptight on the subject, to employ their vernacular—by declaring that God, Himself, is dead.

► "The God of law and order is dead." (Bishop James A. Pike.)

"Violence is the father of all things." (Hitler.)

"Violence is necessary, it is as American as cherry pie." (H. Rap Brown.)

"Violence is a Christian duty." (Committee on Church and Society.) About this foray into the underworld of violence the following should be added:

At a meeting in Detroit, last October, a Committee on Church and Society, sponsored by the National Council of Churches, urged Christianity to accept violence as a valid means of attacking the problems of racism and poverty. Said this semi-august body:

"There are situations in which revolutionary action to achieve a radical change of the political regime seems the only way to arrive at a social order based on justice."

"The God of law and order is dead." (Could Bishop Pike be right?)

Czechoslovakia and Vietnam

► Defenestration then and now. Czechoslovakia has a tradition of throwing its unwelcome emissaries—or genuinely popular leaders—out of high windows. In 1618 the first such phenomenon — The Defenestration of Prague it was later dubbed—occurred when the Czechs threw out the window two commissioners and a secretary of the Holy Roman Empire. This set the stage for the Thirty Years War. The more recent defenestration took place in 1948 when the regime imposed by Stalin took over the rule of Czechoslovakia and threw out the window Jan Masaryk, son of the founder of the Republic, setting the stage for twenty years of Stalinist domination. (The slight remorse felt these days over this act of ejection is but a phase in the Communist and secular version of the Resurrection—the "rehabilitation" of the murdered dead.)

Another parallel suggests itself before we leave the Czech scene. In 1943 the Nazis destroyed the village of Lidice, burning house and hut and killing all the inhabitants thereof. This horrible act of reprisal for the assassination of Gestapo leader Reinhardt Heydrick the world has never forgotten.

In 1967, on December 5, the Vietcong destroyed the Montagnard village of Dak Son, killing the inhabitants thereof, burning men, women and children with the most modern weapons of

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destruction. The Montagnards had only bows and arrows and spears with which to defend themselves. Who today remembers Dak Son? Bishop Pike? "Jesus was a revolutionary like the Vietcong," he is quoted by the *Times* as saying.

► "Between oppressors and oppressed everything can be solved by force." (Fanon.) Both the New Left and the Old Left hold the lumpenproletariat in high regard. In fact, Frantz Fanon regards them as *the* revolutionary class. So did Hitler. Only he added to them about a third of the traditional working class (socialist and Communist) parties to bolster the power of his Storm Troopers. For Fanon it is enough to appeal to his "pimps, hoodlums, unemployed and petty criminals." He knows a lumpen when he writes of one and he admires him in all his brutality and in all his naked aggression and in his rapine and ravages.

In America today Eldridge Cleaver (Minister of Information for the Black Panthers) is the new literary darling in prim Park Avenue parlors—and in the book columns of the *New York Times*. Imagine, say the titillated ladies of both sexes, perusing the scarlet pages of *Soul on Ice*, here is an author who is an ex-convict and ex-rapist who tells how he felt he was avenging all the "wretched of the earth" when he ravaged a white and defenseless woman! "Between oppressor and oppressed everything can be solved by force," repeats the enchanted and scarified liberal lady as she recedes into the Scarsdale of her mind—and life.

"Not faith, hope and charity, but faith, hope and terror. . . . We'll blow the hell out of this country." (James Banahan, an American Nazi of a generation ago.)

"Burn this town down." (H. Rap Brown in Cambridge, Maryland, during the summer of 1967.)

"Go and get your guns." (Appeal of Stokely Carmichael to the black citizens of Washingon, D.C., following the cruel and senseless murder of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.)

"If I am killed send no flowers for me," said Student Nonviolent spokesman James Forman at a birthday party for SNCC leader Huey P. Newton (arrested for kidnaping a white police officer). "If I am killed," he added, see to it that:

> Ten war factories are destroyed
> Fifteen police stations are blown up
> Thirty power plants are demolished
> One Southern governor, two mayors (region not specified) and 500 cops dead.
> A generous, sustaining contribution to the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee—and—
> No flowers—please.

"I don't preach violence. But if the people aren't getting what they need they should go out and take it." (William H. Booth, New York City Commissioner of Human Rights.)

The success of the New Left Nazis is probably due to the fact that they enjoy a better press than did their older comrades. Burn, baby, burn makes for good alliterative copy while its action makes for colorful television.

► "Atheist jew doublecrossers stole our secrets. . . . They give us to worship a dead jew . . . the empty jew betrays us . . . "(LeRoi Jones in *Evergreen*.)

When all else fails, hit the Jews. Hit them from West Coast (*Ramparts*) to East Coast (*Evergreen*) and in all the little underground sheets in between. This served the Nazis of old and the Stalinists of yesterday—and it is serving as the single most durable commodity in Left-Right circles today.

From Poland is heard the cry: "Kill the Jews," a slogan inspired by the official demands of the Communist regime which persecutes its remnant Jewish community to an extraordinary degree.

In Russia the old euphemisms are trotted out once again to imprison at hard labor men accused of "parasitism" and "rootless cosmopolitanism." And on January 20 last Trofim Kitchko, author of *Judaism Without Embellishment*, was honored with the diploma of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet for his work, which depicted Jews as vampires, usurers, debauchers and murderers.

In America the success of foul-mouthing Israel in the leftist cultural press has produced a flowering of anti-semitism, starting where all such aberrations begin—on the West Coast. There *Ramparts* disports itself in major Israel-hatred and small pornography. Here the New Left San Francisco Mime Group has unearthed an eighteenth-century Italian farce and, to give it immediacy and currency, has introduced "a Jew with an exaggerated hook nose, a Yiddish accent, sexually depraved and obsessed with making money." (Quoted from a complaint of the Jewish Community Council of Orange County, California.)

In attacking Jews it is not necessary to be as crude as the more naive black nationalist (or Nazi-Soviet) literature demands. It can be ideological as all get-out by employing such terms as "Zionist" or "Israel" for its contempt. For this you may employ cartoons like the one the SNCC newsletter reproduced showing a hand with a Star of David superimposed on a dollar bill holding aloft on a common rope the heads of Nasser and a Negro. That will do it.

Or, in the more refined and poetic style of Mr. LeRoi Jones, you can read the following in Barney Rosset's *Evergreen* Magazine:

"What about that bad short you saw last week on Frelinghuysen, or those

(continues on p. 514)

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RUSSELL KIRK

PROFESSOR? WHAT PROFESSOR?

FROM THE ACADEMY

A good many college graduates, this June, will be unable to obtain employment recommendations from any professor. It's not that they are totally incompetent (though some of them are); rather, in four years as undergraduates they never have talked with any real live professors.

This complaint is especially vehement at Michigan State University, East Lansing. Lectured at, for the most part, by young instructors or graduate assistants, all the way to the bachelor's degree, the unfortunate students—or a great part of them—never have held a dialogue with a senior scholar, let alone sat on the other end of the log from Mark Hopkins. Behemoth University has no time or place for personal intellectual relationships of any significance.

Then what do the professors profess? Well, they engage in "research"—much of it trifling—and they publish. Much of what they publish is unreadable and not worth reading, but publication insures advancement. And it is so unpleasant to spend one's time instructing the rising generation, particularly when that generation is wretchedly prepared for college studies by most high schools, and when that generation is bored with the life of the mind.

Some mordant observations to this effect were made in a recent number of a Middlebury College publication, *Your Family and Middlebury*, a little journal sent to students' parents and other friends of the college. The author of these strictures is Professor Peter Stanlis of the University of Detroit, a graduate of Middlebury, of the Bread Loaf School of English, and of the University of Michigan (where he studied with a distinguished scholar, Professor Louis Bredvold).

"For the better undergraduates," Dr. Stanlis writes, "these mass-production universities are a grave threat to meaningful individual freedom and to genuine intellectual development. The same applies to the better faculty members who are interested in teaching. Many of the best faculty yield to the pressure of the administration policy of publish or perish. Like Dr. Faustus, they sell their academic souls for the temporal power of success and prestige for research. While in perpetual pursuit of scholarship, the best professors are removed from the most capable students, who otherwise could benefit from their superior knowledge and ability."

Dr. Stanlis' words carry weight, for he is himself a redoubtable scholar in several fields, with a high reputation in literary criticism, eighteenth-century historical studies, and theoretical and applied politics. Just now he is finishing a book about Robert Frost, whom he knew well; he has been a power in suburban politics about Detroit; he was one of the authors of the original draft of the new constitution of Michigan. Also he is a most active and talented college teacher, with an annual band of student disciples; and he has published more than fifty periodical articles and essays in scholarly journals.

"The best hope for the superior student to cut through the jungle of anonymity, mediocrity, and organized anarchy created by the uncontrolled growth of Behemoth University," Dr. Stanlis continues, "is to find those rare good professors who sacrifice their advancement in order to teach. Naturally, not all professors who refuse to pursue research are good classroom teachers, any more than are those professors who publish voluminously. But with luck and perseverance, superior students and good teachers will find each other, even at Behemoth University."

A scholar of parts can contrive to teach and publish simultaneously. Professor Stanlis, for instance, is the founder of the scholarly *Edmund Burke Newsletter* (now published at Alfred University, under the new title *Studies in Burke and His Time*). Recently he edited and published an admirable volume of specialized essays on Burke, *Edmund Burke: the Enlightenment and the Modern World* (University of Detroit Press), with contributions by Louis I. Bredvold, Thomas H. D. Mahoney, Daniel L. McCue Jr., Robert A. Smith, James F. Davidson, Harvey C. Mansfield Jr., Walter D. Love, and Stanlis himself.

Under the prevailing Orwellian conditions, Stanlis says, "the needs of the students and faculty vary considerably. For the mediocre students this anonymity serves as a convenient social disguise. As faces in the 'lonely crowd,' they can pursue pleasure, escape the army, remain dormant for four years, and at last join the growing army of semi-literate college graduates. Such students, with no deep commitment to the serious objectives of a college, and under no strain from the lenient academic standards, easily become bored and seduced by the siren songs of academic demagogues. Lately, under the guise of free speech and free love, these alienated adolescents have asserted themselves in riots and demonstrations, as a way of expressing a momentary self-identity as real individuals. . . . they have been supported by their counterparts among the faculty."

Indeed, there will be many among this June's graduates whom nobody ought to recommend to anybody for anything. But their fecklessness and puerile rebellion against the nature of things will have been caused, in part, by the sloth and indifference of professors who do not teach nor profess faith in anything except self-advancement within the grove of Academe. Complacent, nevertheless, Behemoth University continues to erect more vast ugly heaps of bricks and mortar: it doesn't really matter what goes on inside, so long as the non-professing professors collect their salaries, and the administrators collect larger ones.

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

WRITER'S RELUCTANCE

THERE IS A whole medical and sociological literature about occupational diseases and their cures, but one of them is no nearer mitigation or cure than it was at the time of Homer or even before. This disease has nipped promising careers in the bud, retarded others beyond belief, brought dissension into happy homes and endless hours of sorrowful self-reproach to the sufferer, not to mention serious financial drawbacks. There is no general cure for these attacks; tragically, each must be solved on its own, if it is to be solved at all. This dreadful disease is Writer's Reluctance, and it affects anybody who ever had to set down a word on paper, be it only a three-word thank-you letter.

WR is a fascinating disease, for it develops a number of very different symptoms, as well as a strange form of low cunning in the sufferers. From personal experience, and from observation of men and women suffering from it, I have noticed that there is practically nothing the sufferer will do, or fail to do, to disguise his inability to take that very short walk to the typewriter or writing table and really settle down to work.

The first symptom of WR is nervousness. The sufferer may twitch his eyebrows, pace up and down the room, assemble typewriting artifacts such as colored papers for first and second copies, check on the supply of carbons, pencils, erasers and test the position of the typewriter ribbon. In spite of the apparent activity, this is the "pre-active" stage of the disease. An attack, at this stage, can sometimes be stopped by applying strong outside pressure, in the form of bill- and rent-collectors or the income tax man.

THE NEXT stage is known as the "phony lull." The sufferer is thinking up what form of procrastination he will next indulge in. He looks as if he were communing with words or suitable phrases in his mind before putting them down on paper. Actually, his mind is dwelling on such futile projects as how to make leather gloves out of the old kitchen linoleum, or a fortune in plastics from old coffee grounds. If you are the nurse of a sufferer from WR do not be misled by that air of absorption. Above all, do not say, "Let's all go away, dear, and leave you alone so that you can do your writing." You'll only come back to find that all the silver has been polished, and all the knives sharpened. You may even find the victim scraping the car before repainting it.

Though it would seem an obvious remedy, relatively few sufferers from WR take to drink, perhaps because drink would be a dead give-away of a disease that's considered shameful by its victims. In fact, it's considered so shameful a sickness that the sufferer will go to any lengths to preserve appearances. Hence, few of the ill will play poker, chase women, buy hats, give themselves permanents or indulge in any kind of activity that looks frivolous. On the contrary, they go in for enterprises that are thoroughly worthwhile in themselves, but quite worthless under the specific circumstances. What's more, they carry them out with the most sincere mien, much as a successful con man plies his trade.

WR strikes both sexes, and the amount of waywardness with which they react is six of one and half a dozen of the other. Here are some of the activities observed among male sufferers. The complete memorizing of Liszt's *Don Juan Fantasy*, one of the most difficult of all piano pieces. Planting a dozen beds of Swiss chard, a rapidly multiplying vegetable which the victim's family had to eat all summer because they were too poor to buy much else. The invention of a three-dimensional tic-tac-toe game. Campaigning in a local political campaign the victim had no interest in. Pruning and spraying an abandoned apple orchard. House painting, a job that obviously can't be stopped in the middle. Another sufferer, who had been sent by a national magazine to write up a distant part of the United States, rather than get his notes into article shape chose to lecture to women's clubs and show slides to school children. Yet another victim learned all about type-setting and book-binding, with the excuse that this would enable him to have a say in the appearance of his books.

A woman victim I know cleans house during her attacks. Not only does she straighten all her closets (a common symptom), but she scrubs all the floors, waxes and polishes them, washes all the woodwork and windows, a considerable task since she lives in a three-story house. Another victim papers closets. A third goes on a sewing jag. Once, in order to avoid writing an article for which she had already been paid, she made her mother-in-law a three-piece suit from a difficult French pattern. Another one decided to learn how to knit argyle socks. Since she had never held a knitting needle in her hands, she spent many weeks learning how to knit perfect argyle socks, for she was a perfectionist. No entreaties from her editor could stop her. Since she was a well-known writer, her editor came to plead with her several times. The victim sat, not saying a word, but counting her stitches. Another victim started building a flagstone terrace. She, however, was saved by an injury to her foot caused by one of the flagstones, which fell on it. As she was now chained to her bed, her family had her under control. They refused to bring anything but bread and water to her until she called for her typewriter and finished a book long overdue.

The urge to polish every speck of metal in sight is bad enough, but the urge to cook is worse, if for no other reason than that it costs money which the victim does not usually have. This is the time when male sufferers create expensive, complicated and useless salad dressings or call up all their friends for an oyster-venison-crêpe suzette dinner. Or stage a monster barbecue, with an eighteen-ingredient home-made basting sauce and three-inch steaks. Women sufferers will turn the family hamburger into a delicious roll of chopped beef, filled with creamed mushrooms and wrapped in slices of ham and cheese, flamed with brandy and simmered in red wine—a dish both repulsive and fattening. Another woman sufferer, who has four children, will bake each his favorite cake for days on end. Another makes a dozen different cookies for friend and foe, including the postman and the Chinese laundry man. Another contributes her considerable cooking and organizing talents to PTA and other community functions, which her publishers consider a cheap way of wooing success.

Of course there are minor aberrations too numerous to mention. They include

(continues on p. 514)

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Britain's Master Spy

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Philby, The Spy Who Betrayed a Generation
By Bruce Page, Phillip Knightley, and David Leitch — *Doubleday, $5.95*

The Third Man
By E. H. Cookridge — *Putnam, $5.95*

Kim Philby: The Spy I Married
By Eleanor Philby — *Ballantine, 75 cents*

My Silent War
By Kim Philby — *Grove, $5.95*

Four books about Kim Philby, the Soviet spy who worked his way into the heart of the British secret service—or, to be more precise, three books about him and one by him—are rather too many to be consumed without indigestion; but there's no denying that collectively they are full of interest, both human and political. At the simplest level, Philby performed a remarkable feat of intellect and self-discipline, keeping the two sides of himself apart for thirty years. Picture him, for example, drafting lectures on the Soviet intelligence services for the benefit of British secret service trainees. "It was frustrating," he says blandly, "to have to eliminate from my drafts all knowledge based on personal experience." A poignant scene indeed.

And to anyone who is at all acquainted with the fairly small circle of upper governmental and professional people in London, a surprising number of whom have at one time or another been connected with secret intelligence work, there is the added fascination of meeting a succession of familiar names, presented in an odd and often unflattering light. Many of these people—clever, responsible people—knew things about Philby which should have made them highly suspicious. But they didn't realize or they didn't care. Can one blame them? It is hard to believe that somebody one has known for a long time might be an active, conscious enemy agent.

For all its brashness and lack of balance, much the best of the four books is the one compiled by three young reporters (Bruce Page, Phillip Knightley and David Leitch) on the *London Sunday Times*. The articles on which the book is based were a brilliant example of the team-journalism which the *Sunday Times* has pioneered. The research must have been extraordinarily difficult, expensive and protracted, but it certainly paid off.

E. H. Cookridge's *The Third Man* is inevitably overshadowed; which is bad luck, because he too must have done a lot of research. Being older, he has the benefit of some personal experience. He was part of the socialist underground in Vienna and met Philby there during the bloody clashes which took place in the early 1930s. About other matters, however, Mr. Cookridge is less accurate. He indulges in some rather wild guesswork, suggesting, for example, on quite insufficient evidence, that Maclean was blackmailed by Burgess, and asserting confidently that Philby's father must have known his son was a spy—which Philby himself categorically denies.

Kim Philby: The Spy I Married by Eleanor Philby, Kim's third wife whom he has now abandoned for Melinda Maclean, takes the story several stages further than the other books, starting with the rain-swept night when Philby vanished from Beirut and describing the uneasy months which she afterwards spent with him in Moscow. She seems to feel very little bitterness; their marriage, she says, was "perfect in every way," though she now realizes that she didn't know her husband at all.

Philby's own book, *My Silent War,* is weirdly two-dimensional. Throughout almost the first half, he describes his career in the British secret service as though that were his only career. Then he starts dropping hints about "my other interests," and casually mentions that he went out of his way to study the list of British agents in the Soviet Union. He never does say much about his real work, which is not surprising, since the book must, of course, have been authorized and vetted by his Soviet masters. There are traces of what one acquaintance calls his "quiet cat-like charm," but it's hard to know which is nastier—the viciousness with which he attacks people in the British and American intelligence and security services (including, for example, J. Edgar Hoover) whom he disliked, or the gentility with which he recalls other colleagues, who were his friends while he was betraying them.

He seems genuinely to resent those who were suspicious of him. Like Burgess and Maclean, he had an anomalous attachment to the institutions, the way of life, he was dedicated to destroy. He was fond of P. G. Wodehouse, and in Moscow constantly wore his old Westminster School scarf, just as Burgess wore an Old Etonian tie. All of them enjoyed good living, and Burgess and Maclean, Mrs. Philby recalls, used to talk pathetically about the marvelous times they would have in Italy and Paris "when the revolution comes."

There are some inconsistencies among the various books. The *Sunday Times* book, for instance, dismisses Burgess as a minor figure, whereas Cookridge—and, by implication, Philby—lay great stress on him. Mr. Cookridge thinks that Philby escaped from Beirut by ship, Mrs. Philby thinks he was picked up by a Soviet plane in Syria, and the *Sunday Times* reporters think he walked across the Turkish frontier into Armenia. They disagree, too, about who first recruited Philby into the Soviet service and about which defector

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finally clinched the case against him. Philby himself is carefully mysterious about all such questions.

It also remains unclear—if only because none of the writers, including Philby, can be sure—at what point the British secret service became convinced of Philby's guilt. Mrs. Philby says that a British intelligence chief told her, after Philby's disappearance, that they had known for seven years, and that when she reported this to Philby in Moscow he seemed disturbed. The *Sunday Times* team may well be right in attributing much of the confusion, and the reluctance of Philby's colleagues to accept his guilt, to the fact that he had been authorized, in his capacity as a counterspy, to pass certain items of information to Soviet agents.

And what is one to make of the incredible carelessness and dilatoriness which allowed Burgess and Maclean, and later Philby, to escape to Russia? Mainly, I think, that it *is* incredible. The evidence strongly suggests that, for one reason or another, the British authorities preferred to have them out of the way rather than to put them on trial.

Such puzzles apart, however, the general picture emerges clear and consistent enough. The damage which three Soviet agents were in a position to cause is truly awe-inspiring. As head of the American Department at the Foreign Office, Maclean probably gave the Chinese full details of American troop movements and intentions in Korea, and, for a while, he had a permanent unrestricted pass to the Atomic Energy Commission building in Washington. Philby was responsible for liaison with the CIA at a stage when relations between the American and British intelligence communities were very close, and, as head of the anti-Soviet section of the British secret service, he was able to warn the Russians of every move being made. He certainly caused the deaths of a large number of Albanians, at least two Georgians, and probably some Poles, whom the West hoped to use as resistance fighters; not to mention Volkov, the Russian defector who nearly gave Philby away.

The office politics, the internal squabbling, the sheer bureaucratic sluggishness, which riddled both the secret and the non-secret departments of the British Foreign Office were, on the best interpretation, deplorable, and even Philby's account of them rings all too true. The behavior of Burgess and Maclean—the drunkenness, the rudeness, the homosexuality—ought to have got them both sacked, whether or not they were spies. And the *Sunday Times* team has found plenty of evidence, which must surely have been equally available to official investigators, that, when they were young, all three men made frequent public declarations of their Communism and their intention to help the Soviet Union. Not the most reassuring background for British diplomats or intelligence officers.

But just suppose the security departments had been stricter, and had rigorously excluded everybody with left-wing connections. What howls of indignation there would have been (and would still be) from the very people who now complain that Philby was too readily accepted. As it is, the investigation, once the presence of a spy had been suspected, was gravely handicapped by fear of "McCarthyism."

The *Sunday Times* reporters have done a remarkable job in piecing together the story, but the moral they draw from it is more dubious. They have a heavy anti-Establishment bias, which Philby, of course, gleefully confirms. But the record of the British secret service is, in fact, very far from being as negligible as they make out. Its early anti-Bolshevik enterprises were marvelously courageous and came close to success, and the foresight with which it realized in 1944 that the Soviet Union would soon, once more, be the real enemy deserves credit, though, from their different points of view, both the *Sunday Times* team and Philby are contemptuous. They both also deride the "Indian policemen" who formed a considerable part of the intelligence staff. But these men were honest and capable. They were trained, after all, in a service which had performed the amazing trick of controlling a subcontinent with only a few thousand men. And, in the event, their suspicion of intellectuals was amply justified.

It is the intellectuals, however, who write the books. The *Sunday Times* reporters talk scornfully about "reactionaries" and "lunatic anti-Communism" and "a racketeering upper-class world." Some of their informants clearly share their bias, which is doubtless why they were willing to talk, and when the informants are not named (which is often) we have no means of evaluating their testimony.

The introduction to the *Sunday Times* book is by John Le Carré, whose leftish and anti-secret service views are well known. He asserts very oddly that Philby was the creature "of the postwar depression, of the swift snuffing out of the socialist flame, of the thousand-year sleep of Eden and Macmillan"—oddly, because the worst of Philby's work was done, not under Eden and Macmillan, but under the socialist government of Clement Attlee.

In accordance with their thesis, the *Sunday Times* reporters conclude that the Philby story is really about "the role of privilege in our society, and the degree to which irrelevant insignia of social and economic status can be fatally mistaken for evidence of political acceptability"; in other words, that the root of the trouble sprang from the preference of the secret service for recruiting gentlemen, people whose families were known, who had been educated at good schools and belonged to good clubs. But this wasn't—and isn't—an unreasonable preference. These are not the sort of jobs which can be advertised in the press. Recruiting must be by personal recommendation, and it obviously is a help if the candidates have a background of accepted values and good family institutional links. The real trouble was that the Establishment (if we must use that word) was very slow to realize the extent to which Communist ideology was subverting some of its own members.

The *Sunday Times* reporters are quite right when they say that we cannot nowadays be adequately defended by "people who are themselves politically illiterate and naive." This warning applies to the American intelligence services as much as to the British.

Philby and Burgess and Maclean did immense harm, not least by cracking the absolute trust which had existed between the CIA and the British secret service. The object of Philby's book, no doubt, is to erode confidence still further. But just as the original exposure of the three spies caused an immense tightening up of security, so these books may also do some good if they remind us that the secret war is a reality, on which vital issues depend; that the Communists are fighting this war relentlessly, patiently and skilfully; and that sometimes there really are witches under the bed. □

The Dorak Affair
By Kenneth Pearson and Patricia Connor *Atheneum, $4.95*

Earliest Civilizations of the Near East
By James Mellaart
McGraw-Hill, $2.95

PROFESSOR MELLAART AND THE TURKS

GUY DAVENPORT

Imagine, please, two scenes, both in the style of the best spy yarn you know. First: a vast ochre plain in southeast Turkey, utterly empty except for sand devils and an occasional lazy stork flapping for a take-off or soaring against the distant cinder-grey range of extinct volcanoes to the north. Let your eye become accustomed enough to this omni-directional sameness to make out a large excavation the sides of which are melting inwards. Barbed wire rings the site, and weeds are springing up inside. A guard with a shotgun sits

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by a shed. On his cap is a red band on which one can read the strange words ÇATAL HUYUK. It is the most important archeological dig since Schliemann uncovered Troy several hundred miles to the west. It was discovered just a few years ago; it is now abandoned, open only to pillagers who provide our most respectable museums with its nine-thousand-year-old artifacts, stealthy piece by stealthy piece.

Now imagine a Turkish train — old-fashioned green coaches at the head of which chugs a locomotive—heading toward Izmir. Aboard it is an archeologist who looks Dutch and bears a Dutch name but is in fact English. He is world-famous, for it was he who discovered and began the excavation at Çatal Hüyük, as well as the excavation at Hacilar, another Neolithic settlement to the southwest, equally important. In the same coach is a girl pretty enough to catch any man's eye, but it is not her face that the archeologist has been staring at. It is her arm, for on it is a bracelet of solid gold. It is also older than Troy.

Alfred Hitchcock could not have managed the scene better, or John Buchan. The archeologist naturally strikes up an acquaintance. Is the young lady aware that her bracelet is very old? Yes, she says, she is. What's more, she has at home in Izmir a trunkful of such things. Would the gentleman like to see them? Her name was Anna Papastrati, and the Turkish police are still looking for her—perhaps. His name is James Mellaart, which you can see on the spines of many learned books, and he decided that his destination on this particular trip was Izmir.

Professor Mellaart has written a book about what Anna Papastrati showed him in her trunk. It was indeed a treasure, something comparable to the heart-stopping cache of gold and bronze that Schliemann found at Mycenae, quickly dismissing his native workers (on the pretext that it was his wife's birthday) for fear of being murdered. The treasure in the trunk came from the village of Dorak in northern Turkey. It was from an advanced early culture in contact with Egypt: a royal present from a pharaoh was among the strange objects. But Mellaart's book is still unpublished. For Anna Papastrati's treasure from Dorak has disappeared.

Mellaart spent a week with the treasure, drawing every piece of it, making stacks of notes. Anna Papastrati would not allow him to photograph it, and he had no camera anyway. He was welcome to study the objects all he wanted to, and if he wanted to return with an offer to buy them —as he most certainly did, once he had consulted the proper museums—the address was 217 Kazim Dirik St. She would be expecting him.

There is no 217 Kazim Dirik St. in Izmir.

Mellaart published a report of his find

in that venerable and traditional journal the *Illustrated London News,* to which every archeologist in the world subscribes. The scholars wanted to see photographs rather than drawings. The Turkish government, which allows no archeological object to leave the country, wanted to see this astounding treasure (especially since an inept translator rendered the phrase "3000 B.C." as pounds sterling rather than years and then made an horrendous mistake in calculation, so that it seemed that Prof. Mellaart had valued the find as worth a milliard Turkish *liras*).

Everyone, in fact, wanted to see the Dorak treasure. Mellaart, in one of the most embarrassing of predicaments, could not say where it was. His colleagues began to doubt his veracity: scientists have been tempted before to forge brilliant finds. Mellaart had no need to—he was working on two of the most important of archeological discoveries when he wrote up the Dorak treasure. It would be as if Schliemann, having discovered Troy and Mycenae and Tiryns, had forged a fourth find, broadcast it in the press and then said, oops, he's misplaced it for the moment. Moreover, Mellaart in scholarly shyness had fibbed about when he spent the week with Anna Papastrati, placing it before his marriage rather than four years after it. His admitting to this fib has not, naturally, weakened the case against him.

Now we know why Çatal Hüyük stands abandoned. The Turkish government has forbidden Mellaart to dig anywhere in Turkey until he can produce the Dorak treasure. For a while it stopped *all* British digs, a matter which did not endear Mellaart's colleagues to him, even those who were not in a dither over their distinguished science being the scene of a very peculiar scandal. The Turks could not have done worse. When they stopped Mellaart at Hacilar, he had uncovered only the village area, where all the pottery is broken. Only in the necropolis would there be whole pottery. That necropolis has long since been opened by looters, and the pieces are scattered beyond hope of scientific study. Mellaart has to visit Turkish collectors, back streets in Istanbul, and museums, to study objects from his own dig which he has never seen. This looting is perhaps the most tragic event in modern science.

Çatal Hüyük (pronounced *chatal huyuk*, with the *u*'s as in French) and Hacilar (pronounced *hojilar*) reach back nine thousand years. Each is a town of some size. The houses were of mud, windowless and doorless, entered by the roof. The people ate frogs, lizards, storks, and a primitive grain. Their pottery is elate and beautiful, their sculpture of a magnificence —fat goddesses flanked by leopards (apparently the earth mother Cybele whom we know later as the patroness of animals, fertility, and cities), elegant lamps, bull's heads with a twelve-foot span between the horns.

Mellaart's popular account in his *Earliest Civilizations of the Near East* makes it clear that archeology can tell us from such sites our earliest history in almost as fine detail as an inventory of our kitchen cupboard. Or could, if he were there. The archeologist reads positions of things as well as things. Mellaart knew ancient Egyptian by eleven, adding Greek and Latin soon after. His absent-minded teacher at London University assumed that he was a fellow professor when he enrolled. When Mellaart inquired one day how he should go about preparing for his doctorate, the reply was, "Good Lord, we thought you'd had one for years."

Mr. Pearson and Miss Connor, journalists who specialize in scientific reporting for the *London Sunday Times,* had set out to do a series of articles on Mellaart when they ran smack into the business of the Dorak treasure. They went to Turkey, they went to Mellaart, they went to his enemies; and their account makes one of the best detective stories to be had. What they uncovered turned out to be a two-fold story.

What they discovered about Mellaart and Anna Papastrati I leave for you to read for yourself, as indeed *they* leave you to draw your own conclusions. Real detective stories do not tie up neatly at the end; besides, this one is not over yet. What they discovered about Turkey is that the archeological sites are being plundered daily (and workshops in Istanbul supply the market with ready-made copies of statues and pots for such customers as have more money than discrimination—or morals). Hacilar is already ruined; Çatal Hüyük will follow, if nothing is done. And James Mellaart goes from museum to museum to see what he might have dug up —what, as its leading scholar, he must, in all responsibility, continue to study. □

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A Question of Conscience
By Charles Davis — *Harper, $6.95*

The Grave of God
By Robert Adolfs — *Harper, $4.50*

A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church
By Father James Kavanaugh
Trident, $4.95

CHURCH IN FERMENT

REV. RICHARD GINDER

When asked why he so seldom went down to Rome, the late Msgr. Ronald Knox said that he did not want to risk being disedified by too close a look at the engine room of Peter's Bark. He just may have been right, for certainly Charles Davis was grievously if not fatally scandalized by what he saw at Vatican II as a consultant to Cardinal Heenan. One of England's ranking theologians, professor of theology at Heythrop College, editor of the *Clergy Review*, and an internationally eminent author, Davis "disaffiliated" publicly on December 21, 1966.

He did not, however, join any other Church. Rather, he elects to maintain an attitude of "creative disaffiliation." This is the only position consistent with his present advocacy of what actually constitutes religious anarchy. For Davis is against all organized religion of whatever denomination. He speaks of it as The Institutional Church, by which he means the Church as an "identifiable social entity," as an "identifiable structured community." He must surely realize that his views would reduce Christianity to the level of mere religious philosophy and ethical culture. It would involve a social adjustment almost beyond imagining—far, far beyond the convulsion endured by England under the Tudors: the closing of schools, hospitals, foundling homes, orphanages, institutions for afflicted children, convents, rectories — liquidation of all Church real estate. He is betting here against a sure thing, for this will never come to pass. It has been said that at the Second Coming Christ will find three corporations on the earth: U.S. Steel, Standard Oil, and the Catholic Church. Especially the Catholic Church.

Davis expects the true Church to be "a zone of truth," and this, he says, The Institutional Church is not. We wait breathless for his explanation: Has the Church perhaps denied the Trinity?—the Godhead of Jesus?—grace abounding to salvation? We resume breathing with grateful disappointment when we learn that the reverend author considers it a fatal argument against the veracity of the Church that certain monsignori in the Roman Curia manage to twist a word or two in the translation of encyclicals, that ambiguous language is sometimes used deliberately in Roman documents, that the Pope is delaying the final word on birth control. The Church, he says, has been known to compromise its mission to mankind when institutional advantage seemed to demand this. But "compromise" could here be debated, and "institutional advantage" could be equated with "the common good."

If Pius XII failed publicly to denounce the Nuremberg Laws, if today the South African hierarchy is silent on the subject of apartheid, it is because they have the excruciating problem, not primarily of maintaining tax-exemptions or clerical immunities (although such considerations also could enter into it), but of procuring the greatest good for the greatest number: above all, freedom of worship. The principles are on the books and have been common teaching for ages. Must they be announced once again at this precise moment in history? For God's sake, "If you can't do good, then at least don't do harm."

Davis's book is by no means in a class with *The Confessions* of St. Augustine or Newman's *Apologia*. Its prose is lucid, although hardly a model of stylistic beauty. It seems to me, too, that the last 76 pages contain a great deal of sheer make-weight. It is basically a grudge book: "I wanted to be free from a system which was oppressing me and tormenting me." He never specifies, although there is a dark reference to Cardinal Heenan's preference for settling things by telephone rather than openly and before the public.

Father Adolfs' book is the sort of thing Davis might have written had he remained in the Church. An Augustinian, Father Adolfs is a Superior of his Order and Students' Chaplain at the Technological University, Eindhoven, The Netherlands. Let me say right now that "kenosis" may be an acceptable neologism, but he or his translator need hardly have gone in for such barbarisms as "rapidation" and "futurology."

Like Charles Davis, Father Adolfs also is at odds with The Institutional Church. He thinks it murdered God. But unlike Davis, he would not dissolve the Church. He just wants to deflate it. The Church must go through an emptying-out (kenosis). It must get rid of its fat in the shape of property and treasure. The Church, he says, took a wrong turn in the fourth century when it entered the power structure of the Roman Empire. Since then it has stuck with the Establishment, right or wrong, until the breakup of Christendom in the sixteenth century. God died and the Church was finally and conclusively overthrown by the French Revolution.

To recoup the loss, the Church must again become poor. The Pope should close down Vatican City and disperse his diplomatic corps. He might then take up a simple dwelling somewhere in Rome. The Vatican would become a museum. The bishops would imitate their supreme shepherd. The territorial organization of dioceses and parishes must be abolished. Women should be admitted to office in the Church. And much more of the same.

Perhaps because the book carries the panoply of ecclesiastical approval, Father Adolfs was called down to Rome to talk things over. It is, however, safe to suppose that the Holy Father is not about to move into a cold-water flat somewhere in the Trastevere.

A MODERN PRIEST, ETC. is nothing more than a 179-page tantrum laced with a series of totally unnecessary and often irrelevant references. Again, this is a grudge book. One can judge by its tenor and the ill-natured truculence of the author in his public appearances since achieving notoriety.

How account for its success? Kavanaugh just happened to hit a rising market in the field of religion and he was lashing out at a sacred cow with the promise of inside information. Some critics have said that he played fast and loose with the seal of confession. I found no violation of the sacramental seal in his book, although he does exploit material that he obviously received in strictest confidence. →

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The reader early loses confidence in the author when he finds, on p. 36: "The Catholic is obsessed with sex." Are we really, now?—all of us?—Grandma, too?

The Catholic "has not the right to follow his own conscience." We may not always have the right to follow our own desires, but the Church teaches that we are bound to follow our conscience in every case.

"God is not dead. Catholic theology is." —Rahner? Haering? Congar? Pieper? *Ad rem:* Kavanaugh does have a doctorate, but it is not in theology.

Theology has turned the Trinity "into a course in logarithms."

Adolfs offers a positive program, however wild, to remedy the ills afflicting the Church. Although Davis writes of "creative disaffiliation," his recommendation is sterile in the end. But poor Kavanaugh—he just belches and walks off. He is all negative. There is not a positive thought in his whole book. □

The Lawbreakers
By M. Stanton Evans and Margaret Moore *Arlington House, $5.95*

THE CAUSES OF CRIME

JOHN D. KIRWAN

Hardly anyone needs to be told that crime is a national emergency. Even LBJ finally got the message—nearly four years after he ridiculed Barry Goldwater for making it a campaign issue. However, lawbreaking has become so enmeshed with other issues —civil rights, civil liberties (*not* the same thing, despite repetitive attempts to integrate them), poverty, etc., that it usually ends up smothered by excuses and evasions. Thus, by the time the sociologists and special pleaders have their verbose say, crime is seldom a substantive thing.

M. Stanton Evans and Margaret Moore have fortunately not gone along with this stale ploy. They have isolated *crime*—"the maximum deviation from the formal system of social value"—analyzed it carefully and wisely, then suggested a cure for this major disease of the body politic. The authors' credentials are very good. M. Stanton Evans has held editorial positions with the *Freeman, Human Events* and *NR* and at twenty-six became editor-in-chief of the *Indianapolis News*. He has written several books. Mrs. Moore (Evans' mother-in-law) has a long and distinguished career in journalism, both as a reporter and teacher. For the past six years she has been coordinator of the Indianapolis Anti-Crime Crusade, about which more later.

The Lawbreakers, happily, is not one of those almanac-style catalogs of charts, which, in their sterile neatness, tend to mask the human tragedy of crime. These measured statistics are readily available from other sources, so the authors wisely saw no need to clot their book with them. Instead, they have attempted to find the root causes of crime. The conclusion is rather like a net: well put together, logical, interconnected, but with a few holes in it.

The authors' basic premise is that crime is *not* caused by slums, poverty, etc. (they offer impressive evidence to substantiate this concept), but rather by that chaotic potpourri called "the new morality." In other words, with the collapse of the "old morality," the sluice gates of crime were not only opened, they were dynamited. This is the basis of Part I of their book, "A National Problem." The chapters in this part of *The Lawbreakers*, though, are patterned like a chessboard; sound, rational passages alternating with some fairly shaky ones, all of it framed in a frontal attack on "the new morality."

Let's take a look at this "new morality" and see not only what makes it tick, but why the noise is so loud. It is a heterogeneous *collage* of ideas, guesses, wishes and exaggerations whose only unity is a common refutation of traditional standards of value. Now, if these traditional standards of value were not only an ethical, but a workably rational, code, then this "new morality" would only be a crackpot's dogma instead of a national issue. The point is that millions of people who are *not* criminals have dropped the old morality, or at least segments of it—not because it's moral, but because it isn't workable.

To take a case in point: abortion. Leaving aside the juridical argumentation (and the ping-pong game of invectives which always seems to accompany the issue), the basic question is whether a fetus is a substantive human being or just a part of a woman's physiology. Until, if ever, this argument is resolved, debate on this question will be as futile as on how many pins can be stuck in the head of a dancing angel. The point is that the "old morality" did *not* resolve this issue. Had it done so, obviously, it would not be an issue. Other facets of the "old morality," pot for instance, are also open questions. But by tying, to some extent, crimes such as murder and rape to marijuana and premarital intercourse, the authors weaken their case. Although they properly write "that the state should not be in the business of policing private ethics," they allow a great deal of elasticity in determining where "private" leaves off and the "public peace" begins. Such things are as rust to their really iron-clad chapters, dealing with such topics as the sickeningly depraved condition of our courts and the state of welfare in the United States.

However, when the "old morality" collapsed, it was not replaced (to use Robert Ruark's line) with "something of value." In fact, the "new morality" has very little

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of value. Endorsed by modern "intellectuals," its hallmark is eschewal of the intellect; it has taken love from a private joy and stamped it on a million plastic buttons; it calls for individuality, yet wears a prescribed uniform of slovenliness. It lives by gnawing its own contradictions. Nevertheless, it has captured not only the interest of our youth, but the bemused curiosity of their elders as well. That it has done so, by *default*, is testimony to the cultural mess which is modern America.

If, however, the authors' discussion of the cause of crime is open to debate, their cure (the second part of the book) is beyond question effective. It is an account of the Indianapolis Anti-Crime Crusade, an organization whose theories pass the acid test of reality—they work. Fifty thousand strong, the Crusade is an excellent example of what private citizens can do (and are doing now) to fight crime. It succeeds because, as the authors say, "instead of looking at crime as a gigantic aggregate, [the members] agreed to curb one crime at a time. . . ." This, plus attention to ancillary aspects of the problem, such as courts and recreational facilities, has made the Crusade a working example to other municipalities, as well as a group in which Indianapolis can justly take pride. *The Lawbreakers* is studded with examples of the Crusade's effective work. It proves that an ounce of effort is worth a pound of sociology. As a heuristic investigation of crime-prevention, *The Lawbreakers* should be required reading for the concerned citizen. □

THEATER

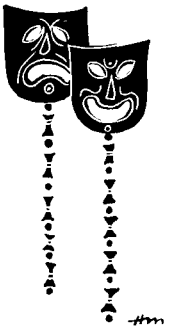
ARTHUR MILLER AS GNOSTIC

CHARLES MONAGHAN

Here's what happens in Arthur Miller's new play, *The Price*.

A fifty-year-old New York police sergeant and his brother, a surgeon recovering from a nervous breakdown, meet after sixteen years to sell the family furniture, stored in a brownstone, to a dealer. The family was once rich but was ruined in the 1929 crash. The sergeant abandoned college to support his dispirited father and over the years has held a secret grudge against his brother, who plunged ahead with his education and did little to help the old man. There are long, agonized examinations of motives, and in the end the sergeant and his wife are purged of some of their illusions and come to accept their unhappy lot. The surgeon, on the other hand, learns little and appears condemned to a life of guilt and bitterness.

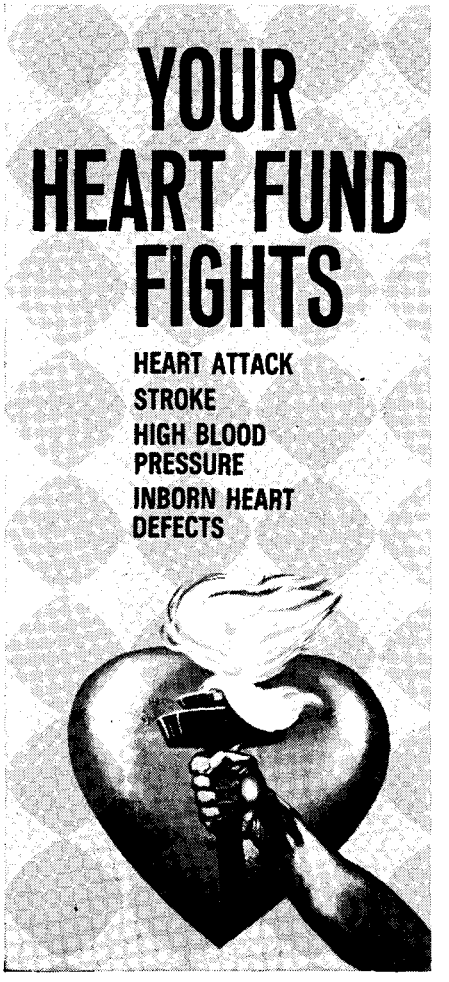
Clive Barnes, the jolly English import who is daily theater critic of the *New York Times*, gave *The Price* an enthusiastic review, and that alone is enough to guarantee a goodly run. Barnes did not long dwell on the substance of the play, but approached it phenomenologically, deeming it a wonderful-evening-in-the-theater. In a way he was right. *The Price* does have numerous surface pleasures: some exquisitely funny lines, a moment or two of real pathos, very professional performances by the four players, taut direction by Ulu Grosbard and a wonderful set by Boris Aronson—an attic packed with substantial furniture and Twenties gadgetry. (Brendan Gill complained in the *New Yorker* that brownstones don't have attics, but such a demand for verisimilitude is only nit-picking.)



So Miller had a hit; but as the critics began to weigh in with their estimates, it became evident that *The Price* was far from an artistic success. The formidable John Simon in *Commonweal* and Robert Brustein in the *New Republic* put Miller through the meat-grinder, scoring him for his inability to get out of the naturalistic Ibsen bag and for his Thirties ideology. Gill, more gentle, put his finger on the central problem. He pointed out that Miller asserts two contradictory principles: that the unexamined life is not worth living, and that we cannot cure the ills that ail us.

I would like to put Gill's insight another way. The central American intellectual tradition is a series of variations on the Gnostic theme. In literary art, the theme appears at its most unsophisticated in the productions of hack writers for Hollywood and TV. Their works assert that knowledge guarantees salvation, and their plots—think of any TV mother-in-law program—consist almost entirely of clearing up misunderstandings that impede knowledge-salvation.

This type of story has become such a cliché that it is used as a touchstone for evaluating other art. For instance, any movie with an unhappy ending is automatically classified in the popular imagination as serious. And theatrical drama, following Ibsen, has battened on that classification. The refinement of playwrights like Miller on the traditional hack theme is this: their subject matter is still the search for knowledge; however, it leads not to happiness ever after, but unhappiness ever after. Nevertheless, search-for-knowledge art is such an overgrazed pasture that, no matter what the variation,



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Random Notes

■ Books: Herman Kahn and four other Hudson Institute types have collaborated on *Can We Win in Vietnam*? Conclusion (not unanimous): Yes. (Praeger, $7.95). . . . Unusual contract: Robert Sherrod has signed with Macmillan to do *The Conquest of the Moon*. He'll write as the story unfolds, and wrap it up as soon as we land a man. No mention of what happens if They get there first. . . . Next from Marshall McLuhan and Quentin Fiore: *War and Peace in the Global Village* (Bantam/McGraw-Hill, July). . . . Debunkers: Robert Sherrill, author of the violently anti-Johnson *The Accidental President*, now offers *Gothic Politics in the Deep South*—about Bilbo, Huey Long and more, right up to and including George Wallace (Grossman, $6.95); *The Experts*, by Seymour Freidin and George Bailey, is one long, comforting reminder of how wrong pundits can be (Macmillan, $7.95).

Jan Myrdal is chronically angry because for years Swedish authorities have suppressed his works lest they embarrass his Very Important Father. It all boils over in *Confessions of a Disloyal European* (Pantheon, $5.95). . . . The real, live William J. Burns, who outdid Holmes, Poirot and all the other sleuths of fiction, is recalled in Gene Caesar's *The Incredible Detective* (Prentice-Hall, $5.95).

■ Books Into Movies: Arthur Penn and producer Hillard Elkins have screen rights to Arlo Guthrie's *Alice's Restaurant*, which started as a record and is now a Grove Press paperback. . . . Elaine May is doing the script for Paramount's film of Robert Gover's *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding*. . . . Artie Shaw has bought film rights to *The Great Gatsby*, of which he would make a musical. . . . *Variety* gives shortest possible shrift to the news that Twiggy plans to produce a flick based on Faulkner's *The Wishing Tree*, with music by The Beatles. So do we.

there is pitifully little sustenance left for us cows.

That being said, I must add that I found *The Price* to be the best thing Miller has written, aside from his sentimental epic *Death of a Salesman*. The main reason is the presence of a subtly observed, finely drawn character named Gregory Solomon, the furniture dealer. He arrives on stage after the sergeant and his wife have been there for about fifteen minutes and the basic plot has been set up. In contrast to the gnarled, desiccated people around him, Solomon is not only wisdom incarnate but the life force itself. He is nearly ninety, has made and lost several fortunes in a variety of countries. Yet, unlike the members of the vaguely Anglo-Saxon Franz family, he refuses to succumb. Miller gives a long and lovingly detailed account of the bargaining between Solomon and the sergeant. It is funny in itself and serves dramatically as a play within a play, presaging the ego-bargaining that is to follow between the brothers. A few more such characters and Miller might break out of his dreary mold.

Solomon is nicely done by Harold Gary. At first, I thought he could have been a bit more Menasha Skulnik, playing more broadly, with more shrugs and *oy-yoy-yoy*ing. But later I realized that for full impact he had to retain a good deal of dignity amidst the squabbling brothers.

Most critics complimented Pat Hingle as the sergeant. Hingle starts out by quietly and effectively underplaying, but ends with a half-hour of that monotonous whine we have come to associate with the Actors Studio technique. Basically, the problem might be that Hingle has never met a police sergeant. I am sure a lot of them are unhappy men, but I doubt if there is one who is as spineless as the character Hingle creates. The role calls for a good deal more bravado.

Kate Reid was excellent as the sergeant's wife, though occasionally a bit heavy-faced with soulful glances, but my favorite of the evening was that much underestimated actor, Arthur Kennedy. The surgeon is a difficult role; he is at once a seedy sophisticate and a guilt-haunted failure. Kennedy conveys both aspects of the character with aplomb and control.

Altogether a moderately pleasant evening. But a warning. The play consists of a single two-hour act. Unlike myself, you might want to avoid a full pot of tea with your chicken chop suey before the performance. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Triumph *by John Kenneth Galbraith (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95).* In an introductory "explanation" Mr. Galbraith confesses that he is using this novel to tell a story he has tried to tell before in articles and lectures. He wants us all to know that the State Department is immobilized by middle-to-high echelon types brought up in the Neanderthal days of the cold war—they believe that Communism exists, and is bad. It is they who launch the Bay of Pigses and the Dominican interventions; it is they, in *Triumph*, who make sure that the progressive government that throws out the old dictator in Puerto Santos will fail for lack of the Yanqui dollar. The good guys are brought down, the bad guys are about to triumph again as *Triumph* closes. The novel has been used often enough in the past as a vehicle for social reform: Dickens, Zola, even the John Steinbeck of *In Dubious Battle* were successful practitioners of the form. They carried the day because they could involve their readers, get them emotionally entangled in the miseries of their characters: they were novelists first, propagandists second. Mr. Galbraith is an economist.

P. L. BUCKLEY

Captain James Cook, *by Alan Villiers (Scribner's, $7.50).* Travelers across the broad reaches of today's Pacific often note a striking number of place-names containing the word "Cook": Mt. Cook and Cook Strait, New Zealand; Cook's Bay at Moorea in the Society Islands; and Cook Inlet at Anchorage, Alaska—to name only four. All, of course, memorialize the dour eighteenth-century captain and explorer who discovered the Hawaiian Islands and mapped the Pacific for England. Sir Alan Villiers, himself a lifelong sailing buff who in 1935 became very likely the last man ever to sail a full-rigged ship around Cape Horn, idolizes his subject and turns Cook's three great voyages into the gripping tale they deserve to be. Even the most confirmed landlubber will succumb to Villiers' exuberant enthusiasm at Cook's awesome skill, whether in dodging Antarctic ice-floes, negotiating with Polynesian cannibals, or sailing his small ship down the throat of a howling gale. So pull up your easy chair in the great cabin of the good ship *Endeavour*, and under Captain Cook's

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assured command round the Horn with stuns'ls set and fling yourself onto the vast mystery of "the "Pacifick." W. A. RUSHER

DEMOCRACY AND COMMUNISM: THEORY AND ACTION, *by Richard V. Allen, Hall Bartlett and Kenneth Colegrove. (Van Nostrand, $6.95).* This textbook for high-school students is an outgrowth of the original one written some years ago by Professor Colegrove. Though he is still listed as the third author, most of the current edition is new material written by Richard V. Allen of the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution, and Peace, and Hall Bartlett, Professor of Education at C. W. Post College. Their aim is to "set before high school students the basic differences between democracy and Communism," and while they do explain the American free enterprise system, the bulk of the book dwells on the history, theory and practice of Communism throughout the world. As might be expected with any book that aims for acceptance in large numbers of public schools, the truth sometimes becomes fuzzy, especially in discussions of such topics as "Current American Domestic Concerns," and for example, on page 35, where we learn that "equality of educational opportunity" and "equality of economic opportunity" are among the "unalienable" rights enunciated by Jefferson. But this is quibbling when one considers the level of sophistication of the audience at which the book is aimed, and the overall soundness of the presentation: as the authors concede, "no Communist would regard this book as impartial." The authors do not hesitate to write, in regard to Cuba: "The fact that many influential commentators insisted Castro was not a Communist or a Communist sympathizer served to confuse many Americans"—and illustrate their point with a quotation from Herbert Matthews of the *New York Times*. Considering the present state of the public schools and of popular delusions on the subject, one can't go much further than that. Grading on the curve, this gets an "A." D. FRANKE

THE GREEN THUMB BOOK OF INDOOR GARDENING, *by George Abraham (Prentice-Hall, $6.95).* The secret of having a "green thumb" is acquiring, by precept or example, a knowledge of how things grow—that is, the basic requirements for every plant, from germination to the lovely vision the gardener has in his head. As in cooking, once the basic ideas are grasped, it is easy to follow specific cultural recipes. If you don't know a gardener to learn from, Mr. Abraham excels as a mentor because he sensibly assumes the beginner knows *nothing* and provides just those elementary points (e.g., which end of a bulb is up?) most gardening books take for granted. The more experienced gardener will find literally hundreds of useful tips (e.g., how to sterilize flower pots with Clorox). E. MERRITT

Letters

(continued from p. 477)

an inspiring teacher. His finest attribute was making the student think, and what more can be asked of any teacher? Of course, Prof. Kendall had a great deal more. His knowledge was so encyclopedic on so many subjects as to be almost ridiculous. To a certain extent—at least to me—he gave the impression of being above the world, sort of viewing man's follies and foibles from a secure perch atop Mount Olympus. But he never lost touch with his students, and he never forgot what is the true role of the teacher—to make his students think.

One brief anecdote which happens to be true. Prof. Kendall and I were ushers at the wedding of a junior colleague of Kendall's in Yale's Political Science Department. After the wedding, Prof. Kendall drove me to Washington from Philadelphia. His driving left much to be desired, as he had a tendency to get wrapped up in whatever subject he was discussing and forget his was not the lone vehicle on the road.

We were tooling along what used to be that impossible stretch between Baltimore and Washington, just on the outskirts of D. C., when we were stopped for speeding, requested to "follow me" to a headquarters building, and escorted by the arresting officer into a room where a State Police sergeant or captain was sitting behind an ordinary desk. This official couldn't have been more courteous. He requested Prof. Kendall to show him his driver's license. Kendall said he didn't own one, and then added, rather gratuitously I thought, "I don't believe in them."

A look of blank disbelief crossed the officer's face. He started to speak, paused, peered intently at Kendall, and finally in a quiet voice asked: "What do you do?"

"I'm an Associate Professor in the Political Science Department at Yale University," replied Kendall.

The officer looked at Kendall again, started to nod his head up and down and said: "Oh, I see."

What he saw I don't know, but I'm here to attest he allowed Prof. Kendall to continue on his way, unticketed and unlectured, simply demanding, after asking for and being shown my driver's license, that I drive the car at least until we had passed beyond his jurisdiction.

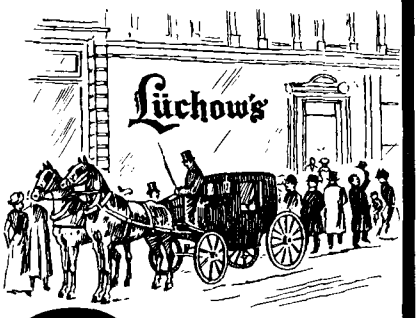
W. E. CHILTON, Publisher
The Charleston Gazette
Charleston, W. Va.

The Pittsburgh Organ

I just can't let William F. Rickenbacker's piece, "The Pittsburgh Organ" [April 9]), pass without some kind of corrective. It is not true that the organists of America are taking their cue from Paul Koch's fine Beckerath organ in St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburgh. It is not "the center of the organist's world." Nor is it beyond possibility that, thirty years from now, the authorities at St. Paul's, weary of the incessant maintenance calls for leaking chests, broken stickers, quacking reeds fouled by air pollution (a serious organ problem), shrinking leathers, and a steady diet of the so-called Golden Age of Organ Music, will want to rebuild their Meisterstück. What then? Another chapter in the history of the evolution of the organ, which not all the purists, faddists, and Schwartzwalder elves can arrest. Sic transit, Mr. Rickenbacker. Some day, all that may remain of the imperishable Beckerath will be your well-done article.

Mt. Prospect, Ill. ROBERT M. STRIPPY

Nice Nourishing Nostalgia



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Violence

(cont. from p. 502)

stoves and refrigerators in Sears, Bambergers, Klein's, Hahnes', Chase, and the smaller joosh enterprises. . . . You know how to get it, no money down, no money never, money don't grow on trees no way. Only whitey's got it, makes it with a machine . . . he's already stole it, he owes you anything you want, even his life. All the stores will open up if you will say the magic words. The magic words are: Up against the wall m . . . . f . . . . this is a stickup!" Title of this poetic effusion is "Black People."

As they were putting away the remains of the martyred leader of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the Reverend Martin Luther King Jr., Mr. Jones' brothers were "getting it" without need of incantations like the "magic words." And a hundred cities burned, and thousands of small "joosh enterprises" were looted and vandalized and the toll of death and destruction mounted and there was insurrection in the land. And a highly placed minister of the Christian faith intoned approvingly:

"The God of law and order is dead."

► ". . . We are as responsible for the death of one of humanity's greatest leaders, Martin Luther King, as if we had pulled the trigger ourselves." (Primitive anthropologist Ashley Montagu, Rutgers University.)

"The notion of collective guilt is a manifestation of a primitive mentality. . . ." (Historian Richard Pipes, Harvard University.)

"I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people." (Edmund Burke.)

At the funeral of Martin Luther King twenty ministers invoked the name of Jesus Christ and twenty choirs wafted up Christian hymns to God for the redemption of the soul of the fallen leader. Among the many ministers who participated in these awesome services was the Reverend Jesse Jackson of Dr. King's own Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

A year earlier the Reverend Mr. Jackson participated in the Black Power Conference in Newark, New Jersey, convened by the Reverend Dr. Nathan Wright Jr. in the house of the Episcopal diocese of that city. The Conference was closed to all white men. All proceedings were secret. But a number of resolutions castigated Christianity "as a white religion that has taken the diamonds and minerals of the world in exchange for the Bible—a bad deal." (The quotation is from the Negro newspaper, the *New York Amsterdam News*.)

► "Every man is a law unto himself. Every man must do as his conscience bids." (Credo of the New Left in opposing the war in Vietnam.)

And from a cheap rooming house in Memphis a man who acted on the belief of the new creed that one's own private conscience stands above all law and order —even above the laws of God and man and nation—aimed a rifle in the direction of a minister preaching the millennium of the here and now and shot out his face as he leaned over the railing of a motel across the street. And the nation went into mourning and wept as the cities burned in reprisal. And the demand went up in the land:

Why such inaction in the Senate?
Why do the senators sit and pass no laws?
Because the barbarians are to arrive today.
What further laws can the senators pass?
When the barbarians come they will make the laws. (Cavafy)

"The House passed the Senate-approved Civil Rights Act of 1968 today." (News item, April 10, 1968.)

► "The white man is guilty," said the President's Commission on Civil Disorders.

"We are all guilty," said a noted anthropologist.

"Our horror is worse than theirs," said a lady contributor to all the New Left and Old Left publications, speaking of the Vietnam war.

(The predatory ravages of the enemy abroad are never catalogued, but every defensive sally of the prey is magnified to celebrate its horror. As in so many instances of domestic excesses committed against the civilian population by ruthless and murderous attacks on life and property the cry is heard: the victim is guilty.)

And there were those in the land who preached the false Nuremberg equation which had the effect of diminishing the guilt of the Nazi barbarians only to enhance our own imputed guilt. They settled back amidst the ruins of the burned-out cities and waited for the barbarians to arrive. The rest of the population waited with them. What else could they do?

► And one who remembered how it had been in the past, in the glorious and permissive days of the German Democratic Republic (before Hitler), tells it this way:

"What an intellectual babel of voices that Weimar Republic was. Philosophers demonstrating that there was no longer time for philosophy, sociologists unmasking all creeds, values and moral standards . . . legists affirming that the very notion of natural justice was a hoax and that any positive law, duly codified, was as good as another—far too many people assiduously sawing off the branch on which other people or they themselves were sitting. There was then, I should say, too much intellectual freedom; and all of a sudden there was none." (Golo Mann in *Encounter*.)

Will someone, thirty years hence, recall our decade (and our lost freedoms) with the same fateful words, "And all of a sudden there was none"? □

Delectations

(cont. from p. 504)

fake errands, sudden trips to town, the writing of overdue letters, the balancing of checkbooks, the studying of mutual funds literature, complete finger and toenail manicures, ironing of frilly curtains and other similar activities.

Do the victims of WR enjoy themselves during these bouts, and are they proud of their accomplishments? The answer is no. That's why their escapist activities are constructive in themselves. The victim tries desperately to excuse himself, to win approval, to make people forget that he is a shirker. He or she enjoy themselves no more than an alcoholic enjoys himself. As alcohol is an escape from reality, these WR activities are nothing but an excuse to get away from that blank page. The agony is there, the victim feels guilty. The family is not fooled, even if the neighbors think it nice of John to paint the bathroom every three months or oftener.

There is no lasting cure for WR, and the only medication is severity. Do not take the victim to the psychoanalyst's couch but chain him to the writing table. Don't talk to him, don't give him any food or drink until he's done his stint. Have the children ask pitifully for a penny towards a pair of shoes. Place all of the unpaid bills before him. Relay conversations with agents, editors and publishers. Have the landlord call with an eviction notice. Show him bank notices for a forced mortgage sale of the house. And even then he might outfox you. One writer I know, rather than write the last chapter on a book for which he had received a moderate advance, made it into an article for *Life* Magazine which was then picked up by the *Reader's Digest*, thus netting him far more money than the book (which he eventually finished) ever earned in its brief life. □

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (MAY 7)

Rep. Harold R. Collier:

Interim Degrees.

Academic inflation could become almost as great an evil as monetary inflation. If we were all millionaires, we would all be poor. If we all had diplomas or degrees, no one would be smarter than anyone else.

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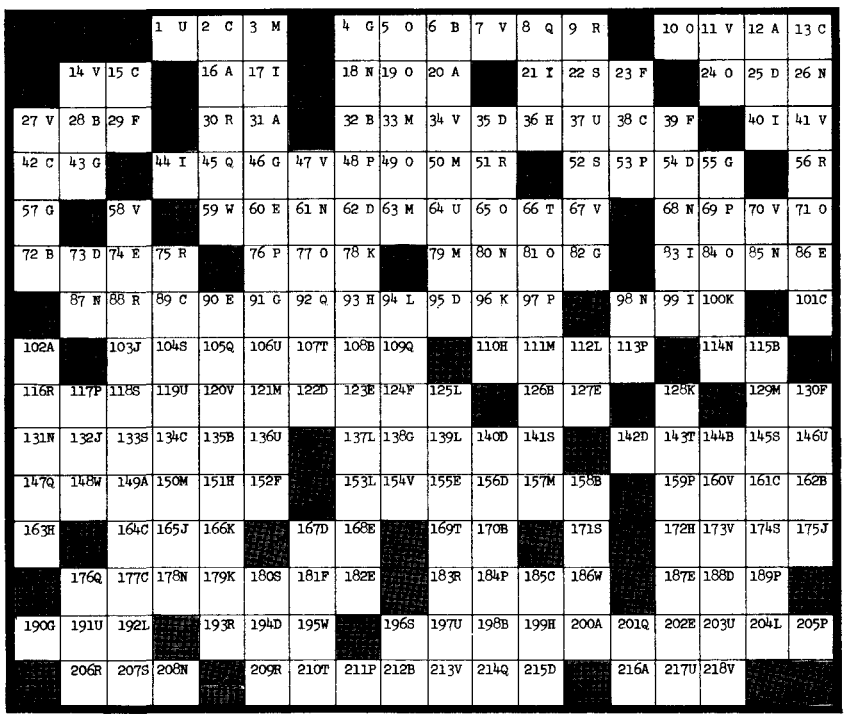
TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Where a famous victory was won	200 149 102 31 216 20 12 16
B. A girl with a palindromic name swindled a policeman, then bought this stock	126 28 32 72 170 108 158 135 144 162 198
	212 115 6
C. He and two others served eight years each as vice presidents of U.S.	134 2 89 101 164 177 13 38 42 161 15
	185
D. A legislative body without Presbyterians	142 25 62 156 35 54 73 95 122 140 167
	188 194 215
E. Unscramble SMITES KRAZY	182 74 127 86 60 123 168 155 187 90 202
F. He went West soon after losing the presidential election	29 152 39 124 181 130 23
G. British for ready-to-wear	138 57 4 55 190 82 43 91 46
H. A U. S. Marine general, 1867-1942	36 93 172 151 199 163 110
I. A Dutch statesman, 1625-1672	21 17 83 99 40 44
J. Custom, habit, practice	103 132 165 175
K. A number that is added to another to form a sum	128 100 78 96 179 166
L. Prated	137 192 204 139 153 94 112 125

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Having harmful, malicious intentions	157 111 33 150 3 63 121 129 50 79
N. Lodging and meals	26 18 61 131 178 208 68 114 80 85 87
	98
O. A river that joins the Potomac at Harpers Ferry	10 49 65 81 5 19 24 71 77 84
P. A colorless, crystalline hydrocarbon	211 53 69 113 184 205 48 76 97 117 159
	189
Q. Labored (adj.)	8 147 176 45 214 109 92 105 201
R. Government by the best men	30 51 56 209 75 88 183 116 193 206 9
S. Government by the worst men	180 22 145 171 174 52 104 118 196 207 133
	141
T. What Long Island is	169 143 210 66 107
U. A hot spring (Spanish)	191 1 119 203 37 106 217 197 64 136 146
V. The final argument of kings (Latin)	173 7 14 27 70 11 34 58 67 160 213
	41 47 120 154 218
W. A representative specimen	186 195 59 148



See page 514 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Linda's Crusade

On The Right

New York, April 28—It is now a national story that Miss Linda LeClair, twenty, of Barnard College, has been living off campus in New York with Mr. Peter Behr, 22, of Columbia, and that a general story on such practices by the *New York Times* flushed out the cohabitation and put the authorities of Barnard College on the spot. Complications came swift and fast. Dozens upon dozens of Miss LeClair's classmates stepped forward to admit that their living arrangements were similarly loose-minded, and that therefore it would be unfair to penalize Miss LeClair simply because she happened to be the one who was caught, a defensive doctrine which is not exactly airtight.

The authorities, visibly disconcerted, demonstrated from the outset a total lack of conviction about the significance of Miss LeClair's sexual habits, and decided instead to focus on her having lied in the college form she had filled out giving the required details on where she was domiciled. All of a sudden, all of Barnard was rising in indignation over the false entry in the form, which is rather like being indignant at Iago because he was rude to Desdemona. And then, to make opera bouffe of the whole thing, after meeting solemnly to consider the disposition of the LeClair case, the authorities voted to deprive her of access to the school cafeteria, which was joke enough for a public unfamiliar with the school cateferia, but for those who are forced to patronize it, it was apparently something in the nature of black humor.

Miss LeClair's parents were finally consulted, and it transpires that they, being of the older generation of course, disapprove their daughter's habits, and have gone so far as to cease to send her money. Mr. Behr, who is a draft evader, is apparently unable to take up the slack; so that perhaps the indomitable Miss LeClair will list herself as an unemployed concubine and apply for relief from the City, which has never been known to deny relief to anyone who applies for it: and that should settle the economic exigencies of the matter.

As for the future, we learn from Miss LeClair that it is her intention to continue to live with Mr. Behr after he is let out of prison, to which he expects to repair in consequence of his violation of the statute law if not the moral law. And they will then found a colony where couples can live and bear and raise children, without getting married. Miss LeClair, in other words, desires to abrogate the institution of marriage, which is apparently okay by Barnard, now that she has ceased to lie about it.

The commentary on the case in the urban press is of course more interesting than the delinquency of this pathetic little girl, so gluttonous for sex and publicity. My favorite is Mr. Max Lerner's, ever on his avant garde. Surveying the story, he concludes, "In moral terms, while it says that the sexual code is no longer there, it fails to deal with the question of truthfulness . . ." So much for a code that developed over three thousand years of Judaeo-Christian experience—shot down, in a subordinate phrase, by Mr. Max Lerner.

There isn't anyone around who seems prepared to say to Miss LeClair: Look, it is wrong to do what you have done. Wrong because sexual promiscuity is an assault on an institution that is central to the survival of the hardiest Western ideal: the family. In an age in which the *Playboy* philosophy is taken seriously, as a windy testimonial to the sovereign right of all human appetites, it isn't surprising that the LeClairs of this world should multiply like rabbits, whose morals they imitate. But the fact that everybody does it—even Liberace, as Noel Coward assures us—doesn't make it the right thing to do, and doesn't authorize the wishful conclusion of Mr. Lerner that, like God, the sexual code is dead.

Perhaps the sexual code *is* dead. Question: Should we regret it? Or should we take the position that that which is "no longer there" is no longer missed? That should be a very good argument for saying that, in South Africa, one should not bemoan the fact of apartheid, inasmuch as integration is, indisputably, "no longer there." Many observers are telling us here that our country is so thorough-goingly racist that we have no practicable alternative than to turn to apartheid. Should we, even assuming they were correct, diminish efforts to make things otherwise?

One wonders whether, if Miss LeClair were plopped into the middle of Columbia's Union Theological Seminary a single seminarian would trouble to argue with her, as Christ did the woman at Jacob's well, that her ways are mistaken? □

FIRE KIRK?

New York, May 5—You have, I hope, meditated the meaning of the charges that have been leveled against the New York policemen who liberated Columbia University. Brutality. It apparently has not occurred to a living soul, to judge from published reports, that the caterwauling students who are charging brutality because the police interrupted their week-long, whisky-fed stercoricolous occupation of other people's property could very easily have avoided brutality by simply obeying the policemen when they were finally dispatched to uphold the law.

In the flat words of the newspaper account, "The policemen had first read a statement urging the students to leave voluntarily, and the protesters had refused." In other words, the police had even been instructed to permit the students to leave with impunity—to get off without arraignment on the charge of criminal trespass. But the students refused. So, under the vigilant eyes of radio, television, faculty, press, the Commissioner of Police, and the head of the local Mau Mau, they were dragged away. Oh yes, there were also representatives there of Mayor Lindsay, whose comment the next morning will never perish from this earth. "Mayor Scores Columbia Sit-Ins/ But Backs the Right to Dissent." That is as if, stumbling into Buchenwald with the liberating army, General Eisenhower had said, waving in the general direction of the corpses, "I do deplore all of this, but I stoutly defend German dissent from the Versailles Treaty."

What is going on? One is increasingly reminded of the observation of Albert Jay Nock, that it would be fascinating to write an essay on how one can tell one is slipping into a dark age. His point is that if we knew col-

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lectively that that is what we were doing, we would simply arrest the process. One is tempted to observe that it is incredible that so many members of the faculty at Columbia sided with the demonstrators, and now are criticizing President Kirk for having called in the police after six days. But it is not incredible any longer: incredible though *that* may be.

Everybody's doing it. Not quite everybody, but, for instance among the students, all the leaders of the various student body groups appear to be unanimous in their condemnation of Mr. Kirk. The president of New York University, though declining to promise that under no circumstances would he ever call the police, professed himself as "revolted" at the use of the police at Columbia, and stuffed a dollar bill into a jar being passed about to collect money to defend the students.

A young rabbi recently appointed as chaplain to the Jewish students of Columbia was heard declaiming—get this: "No amnesty for Kirk and the Board of Trustees!" They are not to be forgiven for restoring order to the campus by invoking those whose job it is to restore order when there is disorder. And then the rabbi attempted to assert his impartiality: "I want to show you I'm going to be consistent," he said, reminding his audience that he had sided with all of the demands of the rioters except their call for amnesty for themselves. In other words, the rabbi is being consistent by insisting that lawbreakers and law enforcers be dealt with exactly alike. Such anfractuosity is best left for advanced schools of sophistry to defend.

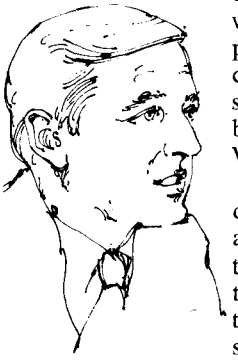
A few days before the police moved in, Professor Seymour Melman, who will be remembered as the prophet of overkill, suddenly found himself concluding that the opposite situation exists in Columbia. Columbia, he announced jubilantly, simply hasn't the power to discipline the refractory students: "How can you dismiss several hundred students?"

There—there is the revolutionary key. "We won't be going around and around forever," said the student of the SDS, who organized the strike. He meant by that that additional forces are accumulating, and that in due course they will crowd in on Columbia and, in effect, dominate it. Mr. Kirk, poor Mr. Kirk whose office was smashed, the walls covered with graffiti, broken whisky bottles strewn about, poor Mr. Kirk says that calling the police was the hardest thing he ever had to do. If that is the case, poor Mr. Kirk should be relieved of his misery, and sent out to pasture. Because Columbia needs someone who will do something a great deal harder. Suspend several hundred students for a year or more, and fire one hundred or so of the instigators. If Columbia can't do that and survive as a university, then it ought not to survive as a university, because the society it seeks to serve is mortally ill. □

HAIR

New York, May 8—"This, folks, is the Psychedelic Stone Age," says Claude, in the Broadway musical production, *Hair*. Claude opens the show by declaring that ". . . I'm a genius genius/ I believe in Gawd/ And I believe that Gawd/ Believes in Claude/ That's me that's me." Of course, Claude doesn't believe in Gawd—nobody does in the cast of *Hair*, because they are far too sophisticated, provided one understands that paganism is sophistication.

The stage notes are explicit. *Hair*, which is called an "American tribal love Rock musical," is about "what's happening now. The tribes are forming, establishing their own way of life, their own morality, ideologies, their own mode of dress, behavior, and the use of drugs, by the way, has a distinct parallel in ancient cultures, in tribal spiritual tradition, both East and West."



Buckley

And so a great deal of energy—and talent—go into the production of this psychedelic extravaganza. It serves up everything from the shock-counter: boys love boys, American flags are desecrated, all those tired old four-letter words are used, there is male and female nudity, a leavening of sacrilege. The music and action are engagingly energetic, without having that frenetic feel which, like when Jimmy Durante starts breaking the piano, is a snakebite substitute for entertainment. The obscenities fail somehow to shock. The nudity is less remarkable by far than the posturings at the stripper joints. There are a few very false notes, as though an IBM programmer calculating a continuous shock, had accidentally blipped into normalcy, disturbing the evenness of the iconoclasm. But in the end, the experience is saddening. "Now that I've dropped out/ Why is life dreary dreary/ Answer query/ Timothy Leary dearie," Claude comments. But Dr. Leary never answers the weary query; and never will.

How could he? Or anybody else? The hot blood of youth today *begins* tired. "Hey, lady, can you spare a handout, something for a poor young psychedelic teddybear like me? To keep my chromosomes dancing?" Quite impossible. The chromosomes react only to narcotic transfusions of drugs and iconoclasm, and even in *Hair*, the iconoclasm begins to cloy. And the uplift is, well, somehow just a little square. "I'm/ Uncle Tom and Aunt Jemina/ Voodoo zombie little black Sambo/ Resident of Harlem/ and President of/ the United States of Love."

The fun-stuff here and there turns you on, with such oxymoronic posters as "Ronald Reagan is a Lesbian." The ideological exhortations are pretty dreary, out of the poetry section of the *Worker*: "What do we think is really great/ To bomb lynch and segregate?/ What do we think is really great?/ To bomb lynch and segregate." There is an element of self-doubt, as though the young authors know intuitively that the hocus-pocus is, somehow, done by rote. "Hair hair/ Hair hair hair/ Hair hair hair/ Flow it/ Show it/ Long as God can grow it/ My hair/ Let it fly in the breeze/ And get caught in the trees/ Give a home to the fleas/ In my hair."

The moralizing is, well, embarrassing. One is here and there breathcatchingly suspicious that in spite of the occasional spoofing, there is a hint of self-seriousness. "Oooooo, these boys love to dress up like this. . . . I love them. . . . I love all of you. . . . I wish every mother and father would make a speech to their teen-agers: 'Be free . . . no guilt . . . be whoever you are . . . do whatever you want . . . just so you don't hurt anyone.'"

But the trouble, of course, is that you do hurt someone. You hurt yourself, just to begin with. André Malraux once put on end to a hectic discussion about the shortcomings of modern art by saying simply: "But that's the way our painters paint."

In a sense Malraux was quite right: if that is the way the painters paint, and this is the way a creative section of our youth writes musicals, then we must necessarily take them seriously. What is interesting is less what comes out of the misdirection of their talents, than that they should choose so to utilize them. Youth is very mixed up—so what else is new. Adults are very mixed up too, which is one of the reasons why the youth are as they are. Let them be. But the responsibility of the adult world is to hang on to one's sanity. Seeing *Hair* makes one just a little prouder of middle class establishmentarian standards. □

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Some plusses for **Nixon** and **Humphrey:** Latest Harris shows Nixon, while still trailing Humphrey and **McCarthy** in popularity, would now beat **Bobby Kennedy** by a vote of 40 to 38 per cent; poll also shows Humphrey fastest riser in popularity among Democratic voters with whom he now rates Number One. . . . *Washington Post* poll of 298 leading business executives finds Nixon their favorite with 57 per cent of the votes, **Rockefeller** next (24 per cent) and Humphrey third (15 per cent) —but then 72 per cent of those polled said they were Republicans. . . . Gov. **Agnew** of Maryland, badly burned when Rocky bowed out on March 21, said it was a "new ball game" despite Rocky's re-entry, and that he now finds Nixon "equally acceptable." . . . **Thruston Morton**'s brother **Rogers** (R., Md.) has come out for Nixon as "man who can do most in leading Americans toward a new faith in themselves and in their government."

■ Half a dozen of **John Bailey**'s top aides at Democratic National Committee have moved down the street to brand new United Democrats for Humphrey headquarters. . . . Also working for Humphrey, the National Committee's pr firm of Maurer, Fleischer and Son. . . . Got short shrift: **Pierre Salinger,** when he complained to head of American Society of Newspaper Editors about coverage of Kennedy campaign in Indiana. Replied ASNE President **Vincent Jones,** in tart telegram back, "[your complaint] is an obvious political counter-maneuver" (remember when Salinger banned *Herald Tribune* from White House because it made a nasty remark about **JFK**?). . . . Robert Kennedy campaign has managed to split up the old Rat Pack. **Frank Sinatra** is campaigning for Humphrey (Bobby "isn't qualified to be President," says Frankie). **Dean Martin** and **Joey Bishop** are sitting it out. **Sammy Davis Jr.** and **Peter Lawford** (Patricia Kennedy's ex-) are with Bobby. Lawford, according to *N.Y. Times* report, had 1,000 bumper stickers saying "Sock it to 'em Bobby!" printed at his own expense.

"The President insists that you wipe your feet before entering!"

■ Putting it on the line: University of Virginia President **Edgar Shannon Jr.** told student body via *Cavalier Daily* that any student who ignores an order to "disband unauthorized assemblies" faces instant suspension (just in case anyone was thinking of anything). . . . Recent student demonstrations have gotten to Supreme Court Justice Brennan—who is usually to be found on the permissive wing of the court. Brennan has discovered a new American right, the right "to freedom from violence from others." . . . Margaret Mead apocalyptic about the whole thing: the traditional university-student relationship, she says, is "dead as a dodo."

■ Back in the news: A play by **Conor Cruise O'Brien** on events in the Congo during UN intervention will be produced by British National Theater before end of the year (script chosen by **Kenneth Tynan),** characters to include **Dag Hammarskjold, Patrice Lumumba** and **Moise Tshombe** (two will get you a bongo on who's the villain). . . . **Everett Dirksen,** the famous platter artist, has landed feature role in movie, *The Monitors.* . . . **Jersey Joe Wolcott** running for sheriff in Camden, N.J.

■ Sir **Alec Douglas-Home** (former head of British Conservative Party) says if Tories get back into power they will put an end to the ban on selling arms to South Africa. . . . Latest British Gallup shows that three out of four Britons agree with **Enoch Powell** that colored immigration to the U.K. should be restricted. . . . Another survey by Royal Commission on Trade Unions says **British workers** are lazy, work-shy, time-wasters. . . . **Israel** trying to put France on the spot: she has now paid in full for the Mirage jets she contracted for from Paris and which **de Gaulle** now refuses to deliver. . . . Mentioned only briefly in one radio report, that Baron **Hass Ruedt von Collenburg**, first secretary at the West German embassy in Saigon, who was blindfolded and executed by Vietcong, had had his eyes gouged out before he was shot. . . . Hanoi Radio reports that Italian Sculptor **Jacomo Malsu** and Mexican painter **David Alfaro Siqueiros** have donated the $27,777 they got for 1967 Lenin Peace Prize to **Ho Chi Minh.**

■ **Parkinsonian Note:** Under-employed Brazilian civil servants are now allowed to take up to six years leave on half pay in major governmental attempt to weed out featherbedders.

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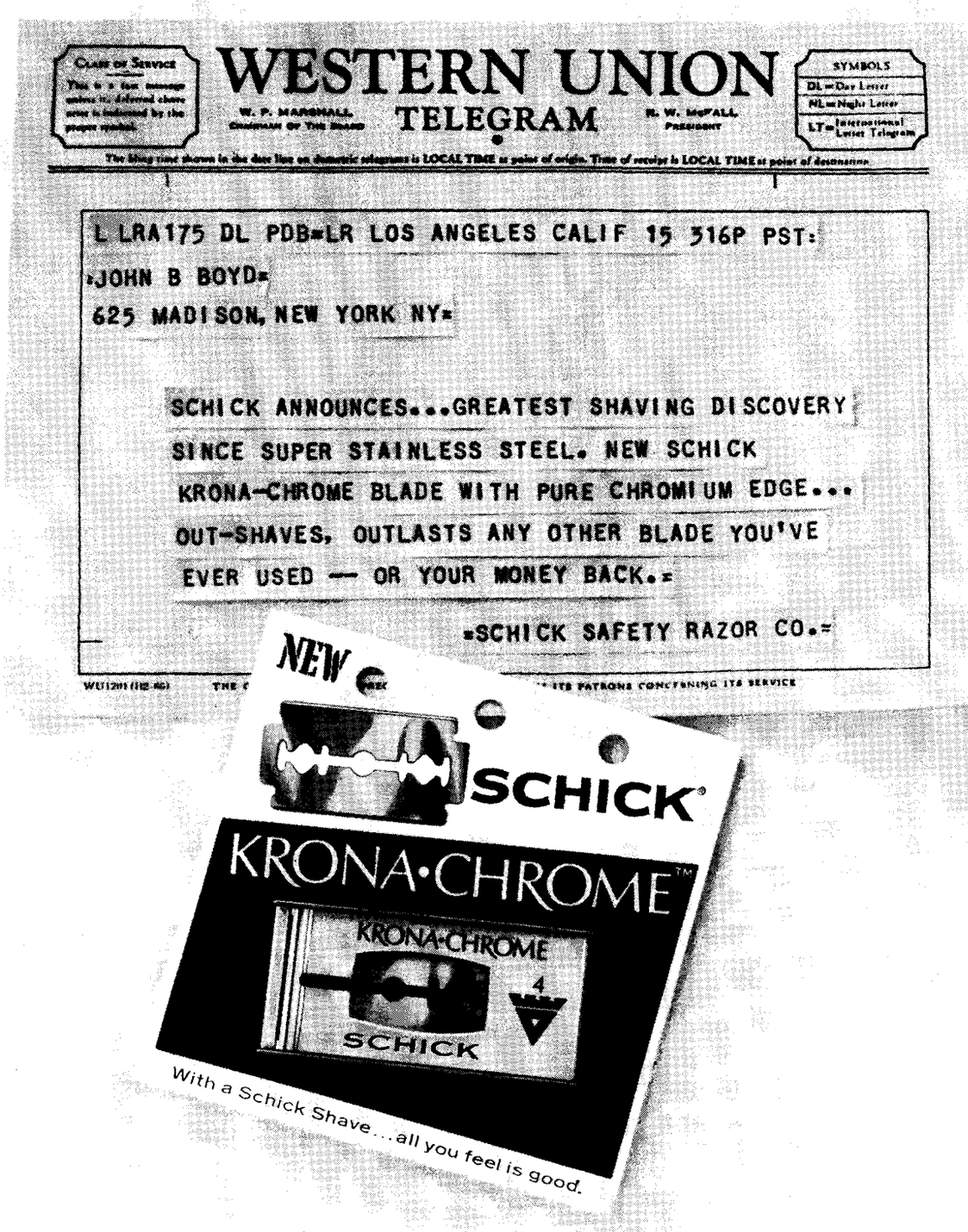

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